

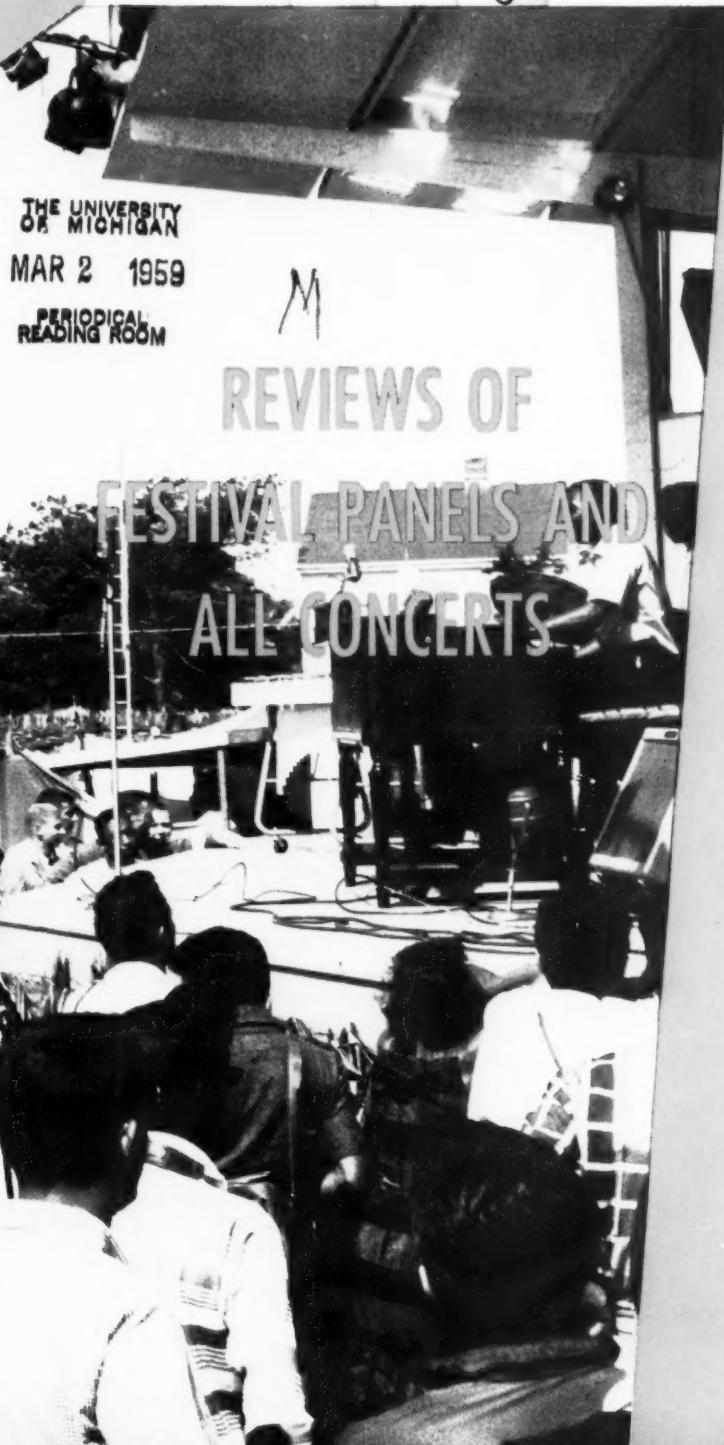
AUGUST 7, 1958 35¢

Down beat

Jazz Record Reviews
of Albums by:

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The Wrong Impression . . .

Lynn, Mass.

To the Editor:

Congratulations on your recent appraisal of the Dick Clark television show. Clark, disguised as one of music's best friends, is actually one of its biggest opponents. He has proved to the American public that talent and musical appreciation no longer have a place in the recording industry.

According to those behind today's recorded trash, the fads and mass hysteria of the beat generation benefit everybody (people like Clark, his sponsors, even the person or persons guilty for the records which are so successfully pushed upon the public by top 10 schemes). "The kids are crazy about it." That's what they said about Hitler.

But who is hurt? Only the honest musician who is trying to make a living playing MUSIC—something that is unheard of in these days of *Rump and Thump* and *Hillbilly Mush*—and by no means least is the American record buyer who is taken in by his ignorance of the situation.

Sometimes I think the only reason that Louis, Dizzy, and the others are being sent out on these tours is because they are not appreciated here at home. Why not send Ricky Nelson to Russia instead of George

Shearing? We are giving our foreign neighbors the wrong impression when we send out TALENT as a sample of present-day American culture.

Dick Shmaruk

The Seconding Voice . . .

New York City

To the Editor:

Reader L. P. McGhee had a valid point (*Down Beat*, June 26) in his criticism of those monstrosities that are palmed off as all-star jazz shows on television and hardly merited the flippant comment you tacked on underneath his letter.

Why, indeed, must every one of these shows be filled with crass exhibitionists (Hampton) and tired old men (Armstrong) and singers like Joni James who know nothing about jazz? This only serves to perpetuate the same old misconceptions about jazz. They also suffer from the same evil that ruins the jazz concerts—the belief that sheer number of performers will make up for quality of performance.

And who would be in a better position to exert pressure than *Down Beat*? And why doesn't that alleged TV-Radio critic, Will Jones, ever write any on the subject? He did finally get around to it this time, but his folksy verbosity didn't make the point nearly as well as did Don Gold writ-

ing on that atrocity, *American Bandstand*.

I should think that you would have organized a campaign to swamp NBC with letters, demanding the extention of *The Subject Is Jazz* series into a permanent thing, for this is by far the best thing we have seen in this area, with the exception of the one-shot *Sound of Jazz* program on the *Seven Lively Arts* series.

Max Womack

The Unhip Hip Approach . . .

New York City

To the Editor:

It is clear by the tone and content of John Pampel's letter (*Down Beat*, June 26) that he has misinterpreted the obvious point that I established in my May 1 communication to *Chords and Discords*.

There was no attempt to put down a swinging deejay who enjoys what he's doing, but rather to point out that such introductory and closing comments as, "This is a gas!" and "Wow!" are totally inadequate when it comes to presenting jazz on the air.

I happen to dig modern classical music—Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Berg. As a result, it's been the intelligent and sensitive remarks of Nat Hentoff, Gene Fehan, and John Wilson which have led me to my first *real* appreciation of jazz, and that speaks for many of my friends who appreciate classical music as well.

Just like the teenager who wants to dance to rhythmic sounds, we in the classical field need a sensible, well-versed guide to a genre

(Continued on Page 6)

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down beat.

VOL. 25, No. 16

AUGUST 7, 1958

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Page 12—Sterling Smith; Page 13—Skeetz; Pages 14-19—Ted Williams.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The Aug. 21 issue of Down Beat is our sixth annual International Jazz Critics' Poll issue. Jazz critics from America, England, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, France, Belgium, and Australia select their choices for big band, combo, individual instrumentalists, and singers to be honored for their accomplishments during the past year. Check the Aug. 21 issue to see if your selections match those of the international jazz critics.

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we have heretofore relegated to limbo. Now, because of the intellectual approach of the so-called "beard-strokers," I've come to a solid understanding of Bessie Smith, Miles Davis, and Jo Jones, to name only a few.

When the lowbrow jazz deejays use such terminology as "This is the *most*" or "The *End*!" they not only alienate a sizable number of potential jazz fans, but they also completely fail to communicate or educate—and what is more important for a jazz disc jockey in this horrifying world of rock 'n' roll?

And, Mr. Pampel, may I object to your sneering usage of the term "beard-strokers"? To my knowledge, neither Messrs. Fehan nor Wilson has chosen the hirsute accoutrement that you feel is indicative of intellectual snobbery. Perhaps a few hours of thoughtful reconsideration would be helpful in clarifying your thinking.

Jack Blumenthal

In Defense . . .

Highland Park, Ill.

To the Editor:

Martin Williams should be congratulated for the kind words about John Coltrane in the June 26 issue. However, I disagree with

him on one important point: must a soloist be "disciplined" to be a major voice? Mr. Williams seems to think so—I do not. "Disciplined" or not, to me every time Trane picks up his horn he puts everything into his solo. Is this raw, pure emotion undesirable?

The "disciplined" tenor men (Getz, Sims, Perkins, Cohn, etc.) seem to be favored by the *Down Beat* staff, while the harder blowers (Griffin, Trane, Stitt, etc.) are being encouraged to "discipline" themselves.

Dom Cerulli says, in the same issue, of Johnny Griffin, "This impassioned blowing, a ripping flood of melodies, is at the same time his strength and a pitfall into which he must guard against falling." This "impassioned blowing" is to me the greatest asset of Johnny's playing. He is not, like so many "disciplined" tenor men, afraid to speak out in a hard, swinging voice.

Sonny Rollins, definitely a hard-blower, was accepted by most jazz critics to be the new tenor man. Is Rollins a "disciplined" soloist? I think not.

For a good example of Trane "pacing" himself, not "gushing out all he has to say in the first chorus," Mr. Williams should

listen to *Time Was*, from the album *Coltrane* (Prestige 7105).

For my money, Coltrane and Griffin are two of the very few genuinely creative tenor men blowing today I wouldn't want either any more "disciplined" than he is now.

Ted White

The Policy Of Silence . . .

New York City

To the Editor:

In the *Chords and Discords* section of your July 10 issue, Abe Savage, in charge of public relations for New York's Local 802 of the AFM, makes several rather disingenuous statements about the infamous New York City police card system. I regret to see Abe juggle semantics this way, because he's an unusually able, sensitive guy, who this time, however, seems to have become mesmerized by the ostrich-dance on this subject (long indulged in by 802 officialdom).

Says Savage "Our relationships with the city authorities concerned with this problem, including the police commissioner, are excellent, and we prefer to work with them quietly and without publicity on what we accomplish."

What has been accomplished by this quiet method? The police card system is as basically iniquitous as it ever was; and as Dom Cerulli has demonstrated in recent columns, it is still administered quixotically, in a way that results in cruel emotional and economic damage to scores of musicians a year.

I submit that Local 802 has done little or nothing to help the situation; that it is precisely wrong to work "quietly and without publicity" on this campaign; that the only hope of change lies in active persistent publicity and ultimately in a court fight—that Local 802 should pay for—which will prove finally the unconstitutionality of the regulation.

Local 802 has served its members very poorly in this area for a shamefully large number of years.

It's significant, incidentally, that at the card-hearing of a musician described by Cerulli several issues ago, many areas of the music business were represented by people testifying for the musician involved (he didn't get his card, by the way). There was no official representative of Local 802. Only Abe Savage was there from the union, and as I recall, he was present *ex officio*, because he is interested in the problem and wanted to find out more about it. It's all the more disappointing, then, to see him come out for a policy of bold, forceful silence.

Nat Hentoff

A Plea For News . . .

Goseck, Germany

To the Editor:

I would have joy if you would write me something about the jazz life in your country. I am a member of the Weissenfels Jazz club. In our country we have time for a very limited jazz life. Because of this, we are hungry for news. I hope you will write.

Gerhard Conrad

(Ed. Note: Readers can contact Conrad at Goseck (Kr. Weissenfels), Schloss, Germany [DDR].)

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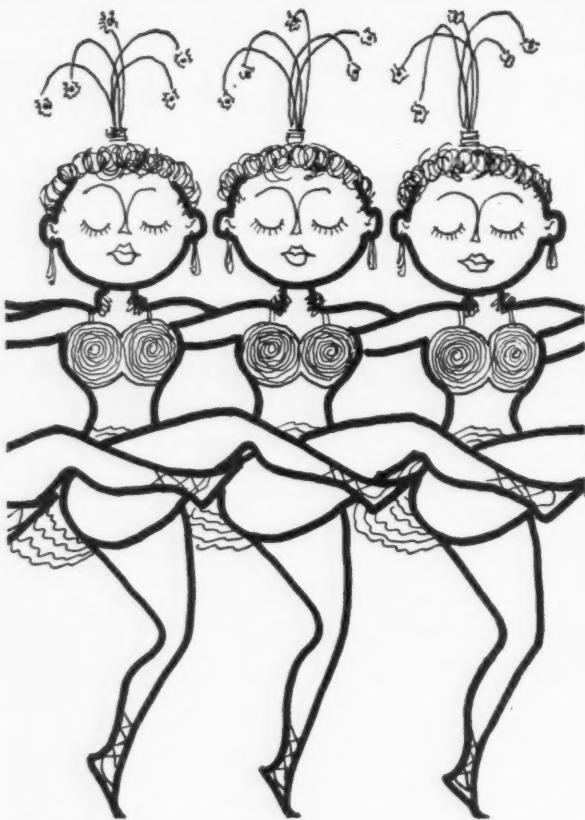
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NEW YORK

JAZZ: Bill Russo received a \$1,000 award from the Serge Koussevitzky foundation toward his composition commissioned by Leonard Bernstein for the New York Philharmonic orchestra . . . Jimmy Giuffre and his trio played two weeks at the Composer early in July, marking the first time horns have appeared in the room in quite a long time. Giuffre's group cut the background music and main theme to a forthcoming major French film, *Only Today* . . . George Norford, NBC-TV's sole Negro producer, was assigned two commercial jazz shows on the strength of his showing with the educational series *The Subject Is Jazz*. Norford's new shows, both half-hour programs, are scheduled for the full network Aug. 29 and Sept. 5 . . . J. R. Monterose is playing at the Gayety in Albany, N. Y. . . Cozy Cole signed with Love Records, which issued *Topsy*, a two-sided instrumental single . . . The second annual School of Jazz benefit concert will be held at the Music Barn in Lenox, Mass., at 8:30 p.m. Aug. 30. Scheduled to appear are all students at the school and all faculty members, including John Lewis, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Oscar Peterson, Bill Russo, Milt Jackson, Lee Konitz, Max Roach, George Russell, Herb Ellis, and Jimmy Giuffre.

Duke Ellington's new work will be premiered at the Great South Bay Jazz festival's final concert Aug. 3 . . . Mary Lou Williams' work for her Bel Canto foundation, to create and sustain a rest home for musicians, is moving steadily, pointing toward her September Carnegie Hall concert, which may be recorded . . . Carmen McRae and her trio, with pianist Don Abney, and Randy Weston's trio, featuring George Joyner, bass, and G. T. Hogan, drums, shared the Village Vanguard bandstand through mid-July . . . Lennie Tristano was scheduled to make his first night-club appearance in several years at the Half Note on July 4, but it fell through. Mike Canterino, Half-Note owner, had bought a new Steinway for the occasion, and his spot joined the four others in the east from which Mutual's *Bandstand U.S.A.* Saturday night jazz show originates. Tony Scott goes in for five weeks, and Lenny is reported mulling opening his own club . . . Shirley Scott cut an organ LP for Prestige, with George Duvivier and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis featured.

Red Garland's trio, augmented by a conga drummer, cut a Prestige LP called *Manteca*. Garland was doing a single at the Versailles late in June . . . Swing era disc jockey Fred Robbins (remember *Robbins Nest*?) is emceeing NBC-TV's new quiz show, *Haggis Baggis* . . . Felicia Sanders returned to the Bon Soir after a layoff because of illness . . . Bob Woody, playing bass with the Miles Werner orchestra at the Fallsview in Ellenville, N. Y., also is doubling as vocalist and singing folk tunes . . . Tony Scott and Gerry Mulligan swapped bass players. Henry Grimes went to Scott's group, and Sam Jones went to Mulligan's.

Bobby Brown's quartet returned to the Copa City lounge in Jamaica, N. Y., for four weeks in July . . . Producer Don Freedman said this year's Randall's Is. (Continued on Page 37)



Bill Russo

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Down Beat August 7, 1958

Vol. 25, No. 16



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NEWS HIGHLIGHTS

- Jersey Cape Area Swings
- New Orleans Jazz Congress
- Kenin Marches on D.C.
- TV Previews Poetry-Jazz

U.S.A. EAST

Six Of One . . .

The battle for the Anglo-American jazz exchange firmed into definite lines late in June between the Willard Alexander office and Joe Glaser's Associated Booking Corp., which had a virtual monopoly on such swaps at the outset.

Set to go to England and the continent on Sept. 6 for several weeks was a package of artists including J & K, Max Roach, Lee Konitz, and possibly Lennie Tristano.

At press-time, ABC was preparing a package A Night At Storyville, to be headed by George Wein, who planned an annual series of several European tours.

At the same time, Glaser's office lost Erroll Garner, who went with the Sol Hurok office for concerts; and gained Ruby Braff, whose long period of unemployment has been a blot on the jazz scene in New York.

Here They Come Again

In an effort to give the "return" of big bands a much-needed hype, two Shenandoah, Iowa, disc jockeys formed a Name Band Dance Club.

Mike Heuer and Tommy Burns contacted several top band leaders and talked over their problems. The result was their club.

It works this way: the club is a non-profit organization. In various communities, groups of up to 200 couples pay \$50 yearly in dues to insure the appearance in their locality of good name bands. The first tryout of the plan was at Maryville, Missouri, where Les Brown's band was brought in.

The club was oversubscribed within a week of announcement over KMA by Heuer and Burns.

Now nearby communities are being organized so that name bands will have a regular regional circuit to play.

He Fled The Famine

When 27-year-old Cameron (Pinocchio) Mokaleng stowed away on a ship bound from South Africa to the United States, he was fleeing poverty.



Steve Allen's jazz all-star group recently made an impressive appearance at New York's Round-table club, reportedly grossing \$40,000 for the owners during the one-week booking. Appearing with Allen were Gus Bivona, clarinet; Terry Gibbs, vibes; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Gary Peacock, bass, and Garry Frommer, drums. Allen accepted the booking for kicks but found the engagement so satisfying that he decided to record an on-the-spot Roulette LP during the stay at the club.

But, as writer Mike Phahlane noted in covering Mokaleng's story in a Sophiatown newspaper, "He fled to escape poverty—not financial poverty, but the poverty of our local jazz."

The young singer clarified his point of view in a letter to Tony Scott. "I was hoping to reach England," he wrote, "then work my way to see T. Monk, Bud Powell, Dick Katz, J & K, Lady Day . . . just to mention a few people."

"Your presence in South Africa inspired me to see many people of your kind and above all my favorite musicians are always dying. I made up my mind to see those still left."

Mokaleng was apprehended aboard the *Pretoria Castle*, and received a jail sentence.

In an effort to materially help Mokaleng and other jazz men and jazz lovers the world over, Tony huddled with *Down Beat* executives and jazz patrons late in June in an effort to get a project started to place the tools of jazz in the hands that need them overseas.

Juilliard Heads East

The Juilliard Orchestra, resident student orchestra of that music school, left for a tour of Europe and

an appearance at the Brussels Fair late in June.

Most important fact about the trip was that contemporary American works would be featured in the orchestra's programs. Among the composers represented in the repertoire were Walter Piston, Aaron Copland, William Schuman, and Samuel Barber.

The orchestra, whose average age is 23, may lose some members while in Europe. Fifteen members of the 93-piece orchestra plan to remain on the continent to attend the Vacanze Musicali at the Conservatorio di Musica Benedetto Marcello in Venice, where scholarships have been made available to them by director Renato Fasano.

Wagon Keeps On Rolling

The little coffee-soft drink shop in Greenwich Village called *Jazz On The Wagon* had a gimmick: its patrons were treated to stereo tapes of jazz while they sipped espresso or pop.

The gimmick apparently backfired when the police department stepped in with a summons for the owners, charging them with violating a city ordinance requiring the spot to have a cabaret license.

When the issue came to court, Atty. Maxwell Cohen represented the spot and won a precedent-setting decision. The presiding magistrate ruled that the spot certainly did not need a cabaret license to operate.

And the scene looked brighter for many similar establishments located near colleges and secondary schools.

By The Swingin' Sea

More than 150 night spots in the Jersey Cape resort area of New Jersey are pitching in to give summer residents and visitors a full slate of jazz and name musical talent from which to choose their entertainment.

Among the spots tied in is the Red Hill Inn, which moved operations to the 1100-seat Sea Isle Casino in Cape May County, and had this schedule of artists: July 1-7, Maynard Ferguson; July 8-15, Duke Ellington; July 15-24, Lionel Hampton; July 24-28, Woody Herman. Dave Brubeck was booked to sub for Ferguson on July 5, when Maynard's band made it to Newport.

Other activity at Wildwood-By-The-Sea includes a 10-week stand at the Diamond Beach Club by Charlie Spivak; and appearances by Peggy King, Lou Monte, Dick Haymes, and others at the spot.

Buddy Rich and Decca's Jackie Brooks moved into the Club Mardi Gras for the summer.

Other spots have bookings ranging from the Cadillacs to Dean Martin, with every stop along the way.

U. S. A. MIDWEST

Keep The Teens Hopping

At least one Chicago ballroom owner is doing his best to turn the teenagers' interest from rock 'n' roll to the sound of the dance bands.

Joe McElroy, who owns the Holiday ballroom on Chicago's northwest side, has inaugurated a name-band policy specifically designed to meet that situation.

Programs for teenage dancers were begun at the ballroom on July 2, with Dan Belloc's band initiating the series. Scheduled for future Wednesday evening appearances are a variety of name bands, booked exclusively to draw a teenage audience. To complete the organized proceedings, McElroy provides supervision by adult hosts and hostesses.

New Orleans Function

As in the past, the word came up the river from New Orleans.

Jazz scholars in the midwest were notified. An international jazz congress was set for New Orleans in October.



Singer Sarah Vaughan and tenor man Don Byas had an on-stage reunion recently in Amsterdam when the singer, on a European tour, shared the stage of the Holland city's Concertgebouw with Byas' jazz group. Byas, currently living in The Hague, makes a practice of welcoming visiting American jazzmen and helps in the development of jazz in Europe.

The announcement came from Durel Black, a member of the board of directors of the New Orleans Jazz club. Black, currently on a jazz tour of Europe, announced before his departure that the congress has been offered support by the U. S. State Department and several industrial organizations.

The congress itself, composed of delegates from jazz organizations throughout the world, will include jazz concerts, lectures, filmed presentations, recitals, artistic displays, and participation by foreign jazz musicians. Among the latter group will be jazzmen from Central and South America.

In an effort to promote the congress, an organization known as Jazz International, Inc., has been formed. That organization will participate with Tulane university in the latter's five-year study of jazz in New Orleans, made possible by a recent Ford foundation grant.

Cats At The Gate

The beachhead won by jazz at Chicago's Gate of Horn folk music club in June has been expanded.

Promoter Joe Segal, whose Monday night jazz sessions were initiated at the Gate of Horn early in June, told *Down Beat* recently that the sessions proved successful enough to extend them on an indefinite basis.

Accenting trios supplemented by guest horn men, the sessions during July featured the trios of Andrew

Hill, Billy Green, John Young, and Kenny Frederickson, with Benny Green, trombone; Frank Strozier, alto; Ira Sullivan, trumpet; John Gilmore, tenor; Cy Touff, bass trumpet, and Sandy Mosse, tenor, among the horn men participating.

Each Monday night session includes fiction reading by Frank London Brown, accompanied by the jazz group in residence.

Segal, in addition to producing the Gate of Horn sessions, has initiated big-band sessions, directed by pianist Norman Simmons, at the C and C lounge on Cottage Grove Av. These sessions include the performance of original compositions by leading Chicago jazzmen.

U. S. A. WEST

Peacock Preens Again

Peacock Lane, a garish Hollywood night-club which recently folded due to sagging business and the exorbitant cost of jazz attractions, last month got a new lease on life.

Reopened by veteran club operator George Ball, Peacock Lane from now on will feature ". . . anything that'll draw people," the owner told *Down Beat*. Acts varying from calypso to Dixieland will be booked into the club, Ball said, on a seven-nights-a-week basis.

"I don't believe in a room going dark," he added. "Not even one night a week."

"At this point," Ball continued, "I'm liable to put anything into the room. I'll try everything to keep business coming in — and coming back."

No optimist, the new owner of the club which has housed jazz attractions from Chet Baker to Dizzy Gillespie and Duke Ellington during the past 18 months does not necessarily see success for his club in packed houses.

"Just because the club is crowded doesn't mean that you're making money. Certain types of attractions will attract an audience which sits on its hands all night." He indicated that the average audience for a jazz attraction could fit that description.

"Let's face it," the operator summed up, "the carbaret business has been very bad for a long time now and club owners certainly have not been getting rich — no matter what people say about the high prices and admissions charged in some rooms."

"My business is to make money by running a club. As I said, I'll try anything. If putting modern jazz in my room will do the trick, you can bet I'll go along. But, from the general

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Mounting Green-ery

Never one for the sequestered life, composer-conductor Johnny Green last month undertook a chore calculated to increase the tempo of professional activity which these days is functioning as producer-composer for the Desilu television concern (*Down Beat*, April 17).

According to Leith Stevens, president of the Composers and Lyricists Guild of America, Green had signed up for the broadly functional post of "special assistant to the president" of the guild.

Duties of the former music department head of M-G-M studios (1946-1958) in his new position were loosely defined by Stevens.

"Green will act as a roving ambassador," explained Stevens, "officially authorized to represent (me) in all aspects of the Guild's activities . . ." The newly created job, added Stevens, is basically that of liaison in business matters pertaining to the functioning of the labor organization.

At press time the Guild was winding up its collective bargaining negotiations in behalf of its members with the major film producers.

Porgy Burns Up

When fire strikes, "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

Just as Sam Goldwyn was set to begin camera work on his forthcoming extravaganza, *Porgy And Bess*, a \$6½ million production filmed and recorded in Todd-AO, the huge soundstage on the Goldwyn lot where shooting was about to commence was suddenly gutted by a furious blaze. Early estimates of the total damage came to between \$2 million and \$2½ million, according to studio public director Mervin Houser.

Describing the fire as ". . . a most serious blow" to production plans, Houser could not yet say just how long the picture will be delayed. The extent of the destruction, however, would indicate that production will be held up for several months.

While insurance covered the basic property damage, Houser pointed out that ". . . it doesn't cover the destruction of the original Irene Scharf sketches and costumes. Costumes can be replaced, of course," he said, "but the loss of the sketches is a real blow."

Fortunately, added Houser, the music of George Gershwin and the orchestrations by Andre Previn were



The Prague Jazz club in Czechoslovakia is the center of all jazz activity in that Iron Curtain city. Early this year, the club presented an exhibition of paintings titled *The World of Jazz in the Work of Czechoslovak Painters*. The exhibition, held in the Prague Music theater, was conducted for an entire month. Once a week, Czech jazzmen and artists combined in jazz presentations, including a Czech poetry-and-jazz segment. Among the painters represented were Oldrich Jelinek, whose *A Dance* appears at top above; Antonin Pelc, whose portrait of a saxophone player is at left below, and Jan Kotik, whose painting of a clarinet player appears at lower right. The story and photos were supplied by Stan Titzl, one of the founders of the Prague club.

locked in a vault in another building and were undamaged.

Mr. Kenin Goes To D.C.

Since James C. Petrillo called out on strike last February all musicians engaged in recording music for motion pictures, a nagging thorn in the federation's side has been the recording of movie music in Europe. The producers' insistence, moreover, that sending pictures to be scored in Europe is cheaper in the long run (because they then do not have to make payments into the AFM music performance trust funds) has, in a sense, added insult to injury in the eyes of federation officers.

In a flank attack on the practice of using European musicians on movie soundtracks new AFM president, Herman D. Kenin, last month

sailed into Washington, D.C. to raise support in the Congress. With three sure shots, Kenin each time hit the bullseye. Items:

Sen. Wayne Morse (D., Oregon) sponsored a resolution in the Senate calling for an investigation ". . . of the displacement of American musicians by widespread use of foreign-made music recordings . . ." Morse made a blistering attack on the Senate floor on the practice of substituting foreign-made soundtrack in Hollywood.

Rep. Frank Thompson Jr., (D., N. J.), within minutes of Morse's action, introduced a similar resolution in the House of Representatives. Thompson attacked also the use of "foreign music" and levelled strong criticism against the television film making industry in which ". . . the



Italian actress Sophia Loren recently recorded some sides for Columbia Records from her latest film, *Houseboat*, in which she co-stars with Cary Grant. Shown here with conductor Frank DeVol, producer Jack Rose, and interested cast and observers, Miss Loren recorded two tunes written for the film by songwriters Jay Livingston and Ray Evans. It was her first American record date.

services of American musicians have suffered an almost total blackout."

After an hour closeted with Secretary of Labor James Mitchell, Kenin secured a press statement from the secretary stating in part that "... The Department of Labor is interested and will continue to be interested in helping find remedies for the diminishing job opportunities for American musicians."

Poetic Jazz-tice for TV

Since its inception last year in bohemian hangouts of San Francisco, "poetry and jazz" has become a much discussed, often controversial phenomenon on the American cultural scene. Its protagonists are as vociferous as its detractors; its versifying participants range from Bay Area Poets Kenneth Patchen and Lawrence Ferlinghetti to New York's Langston Hughes.

Next Monday (July 28) the nation's televiewers will have opportunity to judge for themselves this new form of cultural expression when KABC-TV's *Stars Of Jazz* presents poet Patchen and the musicians of the Chamber Jazz Sextet in 30 minutes of poetic jazz-tice.

Emceed by Bobby Troup, the show will mark the first presentation on network television of the new idiom.

Patchen and Allyn Ferguson's sextet are by now old comrades in the performance of poetry and jazz. They first held recitals last October at San Francisco's Black Hawk, some

months later moved down the coast to the Los Angeles Jazz Concert hall where they held forth for three months, following this run with three weeks at Hollywood's Cabaret Concert. Now unified by this association, Patchen and Ferguson deviate somewhat from other experimenters in that they maintain that "... worthwhile poetry and jazz must be written and re-written, played and re-played, rehearsed and re-rehearsed."

Besides leader Ferguson on piano and French horn, lineup of the Chamber Jazz Sextet comprises Francisco Leal, alto, clarinet and bass clarinet; Modesto Briseno, tenor, baritone, clarinet and flute; Fred Dutton, string bass, bassoon and contra bassoon; Dent Hand, trumpet and string bass, and Tom Reynolds, percussion and tuba.

Travis The Toiler

At a time when new, young male singers seem to be appearing from behind every record counter it is becoming generally felt in the recording industry that the average youngster is having an increasingly tough time entrenching himself as a performer of lasting value and appeal.

In large part the primary cause of this situation is felt to lie in either poor selection of material, which frequently does the tyro vocalist more harm than good, or a simple matter of the supply exceeding the demand for a fresh voice.

Keenly aware of this situation, a

young Hollywood singer named Tony Travis sees only one solution to success in his field: Get out and promote your own record.

With an initial album release now out on Verve, *Come Swing With Me*, Travis, darkly goodlooking and with a voice strikingly similar to Frank Sinatra's, feels well satisfied with early results of his efforts.

"Today's performer," he states decisively, "has to get to the label's promotion people and light a fire under 'em. He must also personally push the record stores into building window displays around his record."

In addition to energetic legwork Travis reports he spurred his personal campaign to the blastoff point by writing hundreds of personal letters to selected disc jockeys.

Observing that "... smaller record companies should wake up and promote their own product," Travis adds as a recipe for stimulating sales, "If you want to make something happen, you've just got to get out and work."

Muskrat Tangle

Muskrat Ramble, one of the earliest and best known Dixieland tunes, last month figured in a damage suit described as "unprecedented" by songwriter Ray Gilbert, plaintiff in the legal dispute.

Gilbert, who penned a lyric to the 32-year-old Kid Ory tune in 1950, sought \$300,000 damages from Hills Bros. Coffee, Inc., the music publishing firm of George Simon, Inc., and others. He contended that continual use of the tune as adapted to a television commercial for the coffee company seriously damaged the song's popularity and jeopardized future royalties.

Commented Gilbert: "This lawsuit is basically a matter of principle. The object is to preserve such great standard songs as *Ramble* before the younger generation altogether forget that they ever were anything but commercial jingles."

"What is our purpose as writers, anyway?" he asked angrily. "Are we going to sell shoe polish and coffee or write good songs for their own sake?"

Remarking that the coffee company and the publisher took the defensive stand that Gilbert stood to benefit from extra performances of the commercial version of *Ramble*, the songwriter snorted, "I'm not interested in the fast buck. I don't want that kind of money when it jeopardizes the future of a great song."

Meanwhile, from the composer of the music, Kid Ory, there apparently was naught but silence.

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Cross Section

Bill Holman

***Mel Lewis is the
greatest big-band drummer***

By John Tynan

At 31, towering, brawny Willis (Bill) Holman is regarded by most of his contemporaries as one of the brightest lights in arranging and composing for the modern jazz orchestra. An illustrious graduate of Hollywood's Westlake College of Modern Music (1948-51), Holman, a native of Santa Ana, Calif., was drawn away from a promising engineering career by the greater promise of satisfaction as a jazz tenor player and writer.

After serving in the ranks of Charlie Barnet's band in 1951, Holman joined the Stan Kenton orchestra the next year, contributing many originals to the band's book. In the last year he has been increasingly active as a freelance arranger and now has in release a big-band LP (*The Fabulous Bill Holman*) on the Coral label. A second big-band album is due out soon on Andex Records, with which company the arranger recently signed as artist and artists-and-repertoire supervisor.

His latest arranging credits include backgrounds for Jackie Cain and Roy Kral and, in collaboration with Johnny Mandel, music for singer David Allen's new World-Pacific album. Holman's original composition, *Quartet*, has been recorded on Contemporary by Shelly Manne and His Men.

Holman recently joined with former Stan Kenton drummer Mel Lewis as co-leader of their own quintet, soon to be heard in an Andex album, which currently is playing Terri Lester's Jazz Cellar in Hollywood.

For this *Cross Section*, Holman offered his views on the variety of subjects:

BARTOK: "A lot of his music is written around Hungarian folk music, and, rhythmically, to me it's almost as swinging as jazz. This swinging feeling is mostly evident in his string quartets. There's a real parallel between America's folk music, from which jazz came, and Bartok's Hungarian folk music."

STRINGS IN JAZZ WRITING: "Strings would fit in with my concept of jazz writing only as an admittedly commercial sound."

FORMAL MUSIC STUDY: "It's getting to be desirable in jazz, particularly for the writer. Not that you should merely be able to quote from classical composers, but the techniques you learn from formal study enable you to express yourself better. The danger here is getting involved in technique for its own sake."

SPORTS CARS: "Well, I drive an MG, but I'm told it's not the hippest sports car to drive. Over-all, they have a lot more soul than American cars."

MOVIE WRITING: "I did an underscore for a movie called *Swamp Women*. It was about a gang of girl jewel thieves and their adventures in Louisiana bayous. We recorded the entire score in five hours and then were taken to task by the producer for taking so much time!"



CONCERT HALL JAZZ: "Not as relaxed as it could be. Also, you don't usually get a chance to play long enough. But Brubeck, for instance, has found it's more rewarding financially to work concerts than night clubs."

BRUBECK'S MUSIC: "Working with Joe Morello for a year has loosened up Dave a lot."

CALIFORNIA LIVING: "I live in the plebian San Fernando Valley. I'd rather live on the top of the Hollywood Hills—but my wife won't let me."

THE "HARD" TENOR MEN: "Of all those, I'd say my favorite is Coltrane. I think he's completely sincere in everything he does, and he's got a kind of savage energy in his playing which really kills me."

CHARLIE BARNET: "A real bandleader! He knows how to get what he wants out of a band. I also like his book; it's a very interesting saxophone book."

ENGINEERS: "I respect them a lot. It's an exact science that got a little *too* exact for me."

INVENTION FOR GUITAR AND TRUMPET: "It's one of the worst pieces I ever wrote, and I've made more money on it than on anything else of mine."

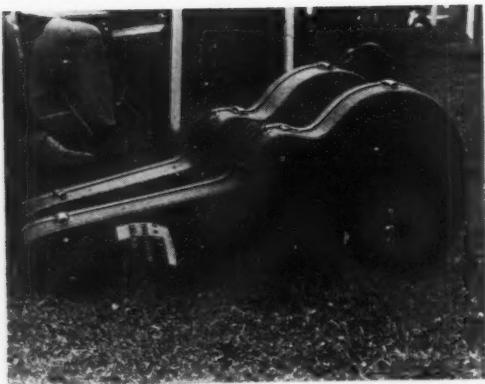
BOB BROOKMEYER: "The same things that apply to his writing also apply to his playing, I think. Obviously he has a lot of academic knowledge, but he never lets it interfere with his concept of what jazz should be. He's used his knowledge of techniques to get across his thought, yet without destroying the thought itself."

BILL RUSSO: "A helluva swell egg, but he doesn't like dotted quarter-notes on the afterbeat of 'One.'"

GENE ROLAND: "One of my earlier musical influences. A tremendous talent, possibly spread in too many directions."

MEL LEWIS: "He's the greatest big-band drummer around. In the last few years he's been playing with small groups and is developing a strong personality in that field."

SMALL-BAND WRITING: "It's more difficult than writing for big bands because you don't have opportunity to use the colors, harmonies, and voicings or the sheer mass that you can sometimes use with a big band. I'm trying to develop my small-band writing to the point where it would be hard to tell where the improvising begins and the writing stops."



By Don Gold and Dom Cerulli

NEWPORT

Mahalia Jackson and Duke Ellington



More than 60,000 persons sat through four days of sunshine, fog, and heavy rain to hear a series of concerts with performances ranging from pedestrian and vulgar to brilliant and exciting, with every stop in between.

Once again the afternoon concerts proved to be most stimulating. Once again there were the usual hotel and eating place hassles. This year, the record crowds that thronged into Freebody park were younger, rowdier, and more vocal than ever.

Press cards were issued to more than 700 accredited critics, reporters, radio station representatives, and photographers. And police apprehended counterfeitors who were selling phony press badges for \$25.

Columbia, MGM, EmArcy, and Atlantic recorded some of the per-



Photos By
Ted Williams

formances. Raven Productions shot a wide-screen, color film of the festival. CBS-radio broadcast an hour each evening.

It was the biggest, most financially successful jazz venture ever undertaken.

But musically it often left much to be desired.

-dom

Thursday Evening

At 1:25 a.m. on Friday, July 4, Duke Ellington stepped to the microphone to close the 1958 Newport festival's first evening concert.

"Nothing follows Mahalia Jackson," Ellington told the already exhausted audience of 9,700 persons.

In truth, many felt little preceded Miss Jackson. As one critic noted pointedly, Newport suffered from irregularity on opening night.

The festival's Thursday night opener was characterized by an invasion of record, film, radio, and television interests, with cameras and microphones scattered throughout the stage and audience areas.

The festival began with characteristic confusion.

Although the starting time for the concert was announced as 8:30 p.m., radio broadcast arrangements forced the Ellington band and Dave Bru-

Gerry Mulligan and Harry Carney



beck's quartet to offer America a shirtsleeve sample before the official starting time. As a result, members of the audience entering the park were greeted by the rather baffling sight of the Ellington band or Brubeck quartet performing unannounced.

Emcee Willis Conover, attempting to work within the limitations imposed by the broadcast schedule, managed to note that this was a Duke Ellington night. Conover expediently introduced Rex Stewart and the Ellington Alumni all stars, featuring Stewart, cornet; Cootie Williams, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Ben Webster, tenor; Hilton Jefferson, alto; Billy Strayhorn,

the rhythm section, the group reflected the wages of years and economic pressures, Stewart's unfortunate valve-flicking, Williams' now-mild growl, Glenn's often tasteless gyrations, and Greer's inconsistency marred the group's performance.

In keeping with the theme of "irregularity" determined earlier, Sen. Theodore R. Green of Rhode Island was introduced to welcome the crowd to Newport after the first group had performed. The senator managed to create a welcome respite between the opening group and the arrival of Marian McPartland's trio.

Miss McPartland, accompanied by Milt Hinton, bass, and Ed Shaughnessy, drums, meandered pleasantly

of it was pleasantly executed, but little of it spoke with strong individual authority. Mulligan's contribution was not as impressive as he can be, if sufficiently inspired by those around him.

Next to arrive was the Miles Davis sextet, with Davis, trumpet; John Coltrane, tenor; Julian Adderley, alto; Bill Evans, piano; Paul Chambers, bass, and Jimmy Cobb, drums.

On an Ellington night, the Davis group's repertoire included six tunes, none associated with Duke. Included were Monk's *Straight No Chaser*, *Put Your Little Foot, Two Bass Hit*, and *Bye Bye Blackbirds*. Asked backstage why his group did not perform Ellington tunes, Miles logically declared that performing familiar material effectively would be the best sort of tribute.

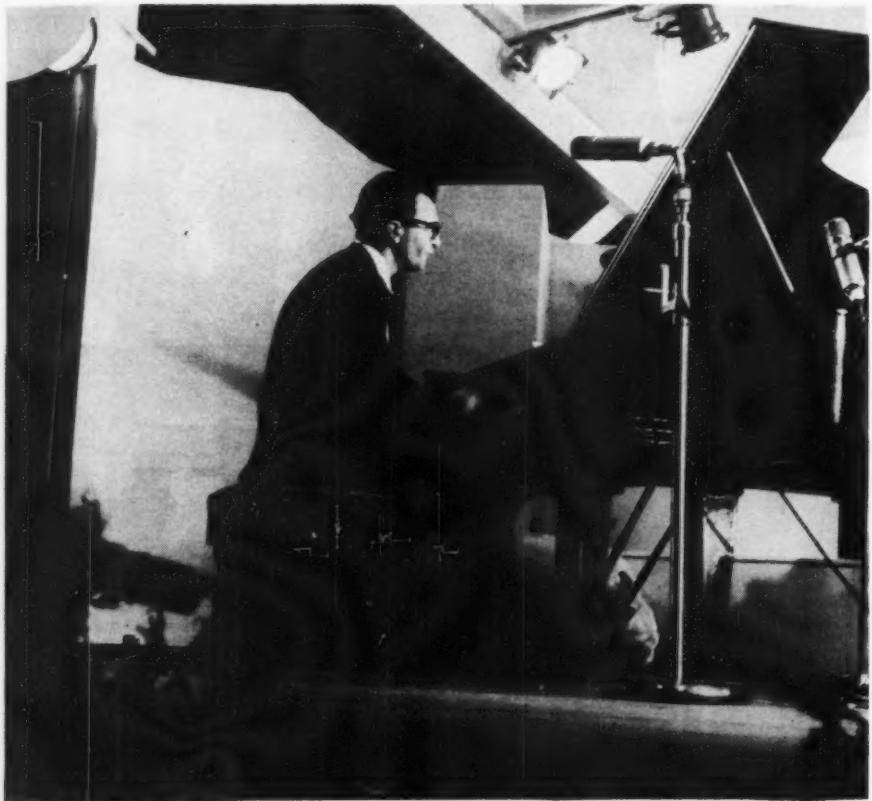
Unfortunately, the group did not perform effectively. Although Miles continues to play with delicacy and infinite grace, his group's solidarity is hampered by the angry young tenor of Coltrane. Backing himself into rhythmic corners on flurries of notes, Coltrane sounded like the personification of motion-without-progress in jazz. What is equally important, Coltrane's playing apparently has influenced Adderley. The latter's playing indicated less concern for melodic structure than he has illustrated in the past.

Although Chambers continues to be one of jazz's most agile bassists, he was drowned often by Cobb's oppressive support. Evans, too, had little opportunity to speak as authoritatively as he has indicated he can speak.

With the exception of Miles' vital contribution, then, the group proved more confusing to listeners than educational.

After a needed intermission, the Dave Brubeck quartet appeared. Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto; Joe Benjamin, bass, and Joe Morello, drums, conducted an Ellington tour, including visits to *Jump for Joy*, Brubeck's *The Duke*, *Perdido*, *Flamingo*, *C Jam Blues* (yes, again), and *Take the 'A' Train*.

Although the group does not quite merit the title of the "Joe Morello quartet," as one critic noted, it was Morello who provided most of the highlights of the set and, for that matter, the entire evening. Displaying impeccable taste and invention in support and as soloist, Morello indicated how valuable he is to the Brubeck group. Brubeck himself, however, had several moments of attractive creation, and Desmond manifested the subtlety and taste for



Dave Brubeck

piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass, and Sonny Greer, drums.

The group performed with more historical than musical significance. Nostalgia filled the air as memories of better days filtered through the sounds produced by the group.

Through a set that included a new *Concerto for Cootie*, *C Jam Blues*, *Boy Meets Horn*, *Chelsea Bridge*, *Le Grand Romp*, *In a Sentimental Mood*, and *Perdido*, a constant struggle to recapture the past ensued.

Despite Pettiford's strong hand in

through a series of Ellington tunes, including *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, *Prelude to a Kiss*, and *It Don't Mean a Thing If You Ain't Got That Swing*. Gerry Mulligan, attired in a brilliant, red blazer, marched on stage to join the trio for rather routine versions of *Don't Get Around Much Any More* and *C Jam Blues* (for the second time).

On this evening, Miss McPartland's playing reflected her interest in several modern jazzmen, including Lennie Tristano, Dave Brubeck, Eddie Costa, and Bill Evans. Much

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The Duke Ellington band took over the bandstand at this point for what was intended to be the climax of the evening's presentation.

On hand were Ellington, piano and leader; Clark Terry, Ray Nance, Shorty Baker, Cat Anderson, and Francis Williams, trumpets; Quentin Jackson, Britt Woodman, and John Sanders, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton, and Paul Gonsalves, reeds; Jimmy Woode, bass, and Sam Woodyard, drums.

Apparently thinking of his audience—and a Columbia LP to be recorded during the band's performance—Ellington presented a program of new material, certainly a laudable aim. Newness, however, was its primary virtue.

Among the tunes introduced were *Scratching the Surface* (a title which could serve to define Ellington's compositional efforts for this festival), *Mr. Gentle and Mr. Cool* (for Baker, who played splendidly, and Nance on violin), an obvious and often silly survey of jazz titled *Jazz Festival Jazz, Hi Fi Fo Fum* (another version of *Skin Deep*, with Sam Woodyard pounding relentlessly throughout), *El Gato* (a Latin-flavored tempest for four trumpets), and *Prima Bara Dubla*, a vehicle for a collaboration of Gerry Mulligan and Harry Carney.

Also imposed on the audience were vocals by a new Ellington songstress, Lil Greenwood. In performances of two tunes, she indicated a decidedly crude approach. Ozzie Bailey contributed a third vocal, on *M. C. Blues*, but was hampered by the tune's absurd lyrics.

The band's final selection was the *Come Sunday* segment from Ellington's *Black, Brown, and Beige*. Once the band had performed it, Mahalia Jackson was introduced (by singer Frankie Laine) and offered her vocal interpretation of the same selection. The band-singer relationship was not ideal during this performance.

As the evening moved toward morning, Miss Jackson provided another high point (remember Joe Morello) in singing *Keep Your Hand On the Plow* (with her accompanist, Mildred Fall, assisting ably). After an encore chorus of it, she bowed out, leaving Ellington to close the evening by kicking off another trivial tune, one he identified as *Jones*. As the crowd poured out of the park into the night, few inquired as to *Jones'* identity.

The evening, intended as a tribute to Ellington, turned out to be a

strange mixture of warped historical sounds, some pleasant and some confusing modern sounds, and an Ellington band performance that contained a high technical level, charm, and emptiness, resulting in little of lasting value. Had Joe Morello and Mahalia Jackson stayed at home, the festival could have begun on Friday.

—gold

Friday Afternoon

The emphasis of Friday afternoon's concert was placed squarely on the festival's International jazz band, and the composers and arrangers who contributed to its book.

In general, it was a successful concert. It continued the pattern set last year, when the most interesting and provocative jazz presentations were staged during the afternoon.

John LaPorta opened the concert with a swinging set by his fine group, which included Dick Carter, bass; Jack Reilly, piano, and Charlie Perry, drums. The set got off to a rough start when Carter broke a bass string while warming up, and his bass fell over and was damaged

drove hard, when necessary, but with a sound much less strident than those too often in evidence today. His solos had fluency and coherence.

Carter showed a fascinating technique on his instrument, which was played virtually as a guitar is played with the right hand. He often strummed series of notes, utilizing all the fingers of his right hand. Perry's time and taste were excellent, and Reilly was a genuine surprise and a pleasant experience to hear. His playing, in the pulsing, hammering pattern set by Eddie Costa, showed an unusual degree of fire and imagination.

Outstanding piece of the whole set was LaPorta's *Minor*, a hauntingly tender ballad on which John played with strong lyrical feeling, and Reilly contributed a forceful solo.

The Jimmy Giuffre Three, with Giuffre on clarinet, tenor, and baritone; Bob Brookmeyer on trombone; and Jim Hall on guitar sustained the pace set by LaPorta. Giuffre's set was a well-matched string of musical gems. The trio played the first movement of Giuffre's new *Western Suite*, titled *Pony Express*; and *The Lonely Time, That's The*



Rex Stewart

while a replacement was being rushed onstage.

But the setback was only temporary. LaPorta and the group swung hard through a set of four originals and two standards, including *Searching* and *Decided*, by Reilly; *Diction* by Carter; *The Most Minor* by LaPorta, and *Billie's Bounce* and *Darn That Dream*.

At all times, LaPorta demonstrated that he is an altoist whose basic musical conception pays tribute to Bird without any perceptible influence in tone and technique. He

Way It Is, Waltz, and *The Train and The River*.

With the exception of *Waltz*, which was a rather formal piece in a Chopin vein, the set was a good cross section of what the group is doing today. Brookmeyer soloed handsomely throughout, and played piano on *Waltz*. *The Lonely Time* was lovely, and very gentle in mood.

The International band climaxed the afternoon with a program of originals and arrangements by Adolphe Sandole, LaPorta, Giuffre, Bill Russo, and Marshall Brown, its

beck's quartet to offer America a shirt-sleeve sample before the official starting time. As a result, members of the audience entering the park were greeted by the rather baffling sight of the Ellington band or Brubeck quartet performing unannounced.

Emcee Willis Conover, attempting to work within the limitations imposed by the broadcast schedule, managed to note that this was a Duke Ellington night. Conover expediently introduced Rex Stewart and the Ellington Alumni all stars, featuring Stewart, cornet; Cootie Williams, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Ben Webster, tenor; Hilton Jefferson, alto; Billy Strayhorn,

the rhythm section, the group reflected the wages of years and economic pressures, Stewart's unfortunate valve-flicking, Williams' now-mild growl, Glenn's often tasteless gyrations, and Greer's inconsistency marred the group's performance.

In keeping with the theme of "irregularity" determined earlier, Sen. Theodore R. Green of Rhode Island was introduced to welcome the crowd to Newport after the first group had performed. The senator managed to create a welcome respite between the opening group and the arrival of Marian McPartland's trio.

Miss McPartland, accompanied by Milt Hinton, bass, and Ed Shaughnessy, drums, meandered pleasantly

of it was pleasantly executed, but little of it spoke with strong individual authority. Mulligan's contribution was not as impressive as he can be, if sufficiently inspired by those around him.

Next to arrive was the Miles Davis sextet, with Davis, trumpet; John Coltrane, tenor; Julian Adderley, alto; Bill Evans, piano; Paul Chambers, bass, and Jimmy Cobb, drums.

On an Ellington night, the Davis group's repertoire included six tunes, none associated with Duke. Included were Monk's *Straight No Chaser*, *Put Your Little Foot, Two Bass Hit*, and *Bye Bye Blackbirds*. Asked backstage why his group did not perform Ellington tunes, Miles logically declared that performing familiar material effectively would be the best sort of tribute.

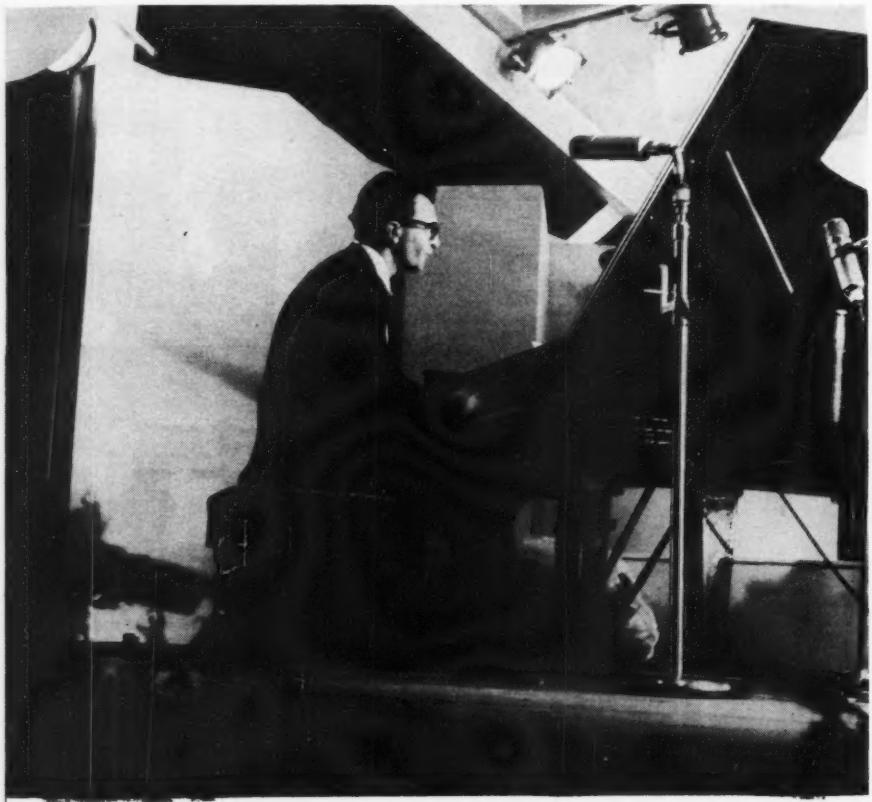
Unfortunately, the group did not perform effectively. Although Miles continues to play with delicacy and infinite grace, his group's solidarity is hampered by the angry young tenor of Coltrane. Backing himself into rhythmic corners on flurries of notes, Coltrane sounded like the personification of motion-without-progress in jazz. What is equally important, Coltrane's playing apparently has influenced Adderley. The latter's playing indicated less concern for melodic structure than he has illustrated in the past.

Although Chambers continues to be one of jazz's most agile bassists, he was drowned often by Cobb's oppressive support. Evans, too, had little opportunity to speak as authoritatively as he has indicated he can speak.

With the exception of Miles' vital contribution, then, the group proved more confusing to listeners than educational.

After a needed intermission, the Dave Brubeck quartet appeared. Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto; Joe Benjamin, bass, and Joe Morello, drums, conducted an Ellington tour, including visits to *Jump for Joy*, Brubeck's *The Duke, Perdido, Flamingo, C Jam Blues* (yes, again), and *Take the 'A' Train*.

Although the group does not quite merit the title of the "Joe Morello quartet," as one critic noted, it was Morello who provided most of the highlights of the set and, for that matter, the entire evening. Displaying impeccable taste and invention in support and as soloist, Morello indicated how valuable he is to the Brubeck group. Brubeck himself, however, had several moments of attractive creation, and Desmond manifested the subtlety and taste for



Dave Brubeck

piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass, and Sonny Greer, drums.

The group performed with more historical than musical significance. Nostalgia filled the air as memories of better days filtered through the sounds produced by the group.

Through a set that included a new *Concerto for Cootie*, *C Jam Blues*, *Boy Meets Horn*, *Chelsea Bridge*, *Le Grand Romp*, *In a Sentimental Mood*, and *Perdido*, a constant struggle to recapture the past ensued.

Despite Pettiford's strong hand in

through a series of Ellington tunes, including *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, *Prelude to a Kiss*, and *It Don't Mean a Thing If You Ain't Got That Swing*. Gerry Mulligan, attired in a brilliant, red blazer, marched on stage to join the trio for rather routine versions of *Don't Get Around Much Any More* and *C Jam Blues* (for the second time).

On this evening, Miss McPartland's playing reflected her interest in several modern jazzmen, including Lennie Tristano, Dave Brubeck, Eddie Costa, and Bill Evans. Much

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The Duke Ellington band took over the bandstand at this point for what was intended to be the climax of the evening's presentation.

On hand were Ellington, piano and leader; Clark Terry, Ray Nance, Shorty Baker, Cat Anderson, and Francis Williams, trumpets; Quentin Jackson, Britt Woodman, and John Sanders, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton, and Paul Gonsalves, reeds; Jimmy Woode, bass, and Sam Woodyard, drums.

Apparently thinking of his audience—and a Columbia LP to be recorded during the band's performance—Ellington presented a program of new material, certainly a laudable aim. Newness, however, was its primary virtue.

Among the tunes introduced were *Scratching the Surface* (a title which could serve to define Ellington's compositional efforts for this festival), *Mr. Gentle and Mr. Cool* (for Baker, who played splendidly, and Nance on violin), an obvious and often silly survey of jazz titled *Jazz Festival Jazz, Hi Fi Fo Fum* (another version of *Skin Deep*, with Sam Woodyard pounding relentlessly throughout), *El Gato* (a Latin-flavored tempest for four trumpets), and *Prima Bara Dubla*, a vehicle for a collaboration of Gerry Mulligan and Harry Carney.

Also imposed on the audience were vocals by a new Ellington songstress, Lil Greenwood. In performances of two tunes, she indicated a decidedly crude approach. Ozzie Bailey contributed a third vocal, on *M. C. Blues*, but was hampered by the tune's absurd lyrics.

The band's final selection was the *Come Sunday* segment from Ellington's *Black, Brown, and Beige*. Once the band had performed it, Mahalia Jackson was introduced (by singer Frankie Laine) and offered her vocal interpretation of the same selection. The band-singer relationship was not ideal during this performance.

As the evening moved toward morning, Miss Jackson provided another high point (remember Joe Morello) in singing *Keep Your Hand On the Plow* (with her accompanist, Mildred Fall, assisting ably). After an encore chorus of it, she bowed out, leaving Ellington to close the evening by kicking off another trivial tune, one he identified as *Jones*. As the crowd poured out of the park into the night, few inquired as to *Jones'* identity.

The evening, intended as a tribute to Ellington, turned out to be a

strange mixture of warped historical sounds, some pleasant and some confusing modern sounds, and an Ellington band performance that contained a high technical level, charm, and emptiness, resulting in little of lasting value. Had Joe Morello and Mahalia Jackson stayed at home, the festival could have begun on Friday.

—gold

Friday Afternoon

The emphasis of Friday afternoon's concert was placed squarely on the festival's International jazz band, and the composers and arrangers who contributed to its book.

In general, it was a successful concert. It continued the pattern set last year, when the most interesting and provocative jazz presentations were staged during the afternoon.

John LaPorta opened the concert with a swinging set by his fine group, which included Dick Carter, bass; Jack Reilly, piano, and Charlie Perry, drums. The set got off to a rough start when Carter broke a bass string while warming up, and his bass fell over and was damaged

drove hard, when necessary, but with a sound much less strident than those too often in evidence today. His solos had fluency and coherence.

Carter showed a fascinating technique on his instrument, which was played virtually as a guitar is played with the right hand. He often strummed series of notes, utilizing all the fingers of his right hand. Perry's time and taste were excellent, and Reilly was a genuine surprise and a pleasant experience to hear. His playing, in the pulsing, hammering pattern set by Eddie Costa, showed an unusual degree of fire and imagination.

Outstanding piece of the whole set was LaPorta's *Minor*, a hauntingly tender ballad on which John played with strong lyrical feeling, and Reilly contributed a forceful solo.

The Jimmy Giuffre Three, with Giuffre on clarinet, tenor, and baritone; Bob Brookmeyer on trombone; and Jim Hall on guitar sustained the pace set by LaPorta. Giuffre's set was a well-matched string of musical gems. The trio played the first movement of Giuffre's new *Western Suite*, titled *Pony Express*; and *The Lonely Time, That's The*



Rex Stewart

while a replacement was being rushed onstage.

But the setback was only temporary. LaPorta and the group swung hard through a set of four originals and two standards, including *Searching* and *Decided*, by Reilly; *Diction* by Carter; *The Most Minor* by LaPorta, and *Billie's Bounce* and *Darn That Dream*.

At all times, LaPorta demonstrated that he is an altoist whose basic musical conception pays tribute to Bird without any perceptible influence in tone and technique. He

Way It Is, Waltz, and *The Train and The River*.

With the exception of *Waltz*, which was a rather formal piece in a Chopin vein, the set was a good cross section of what the group is doing today. Brookmeyer soloed handsomely throughout, and played piano on *Waltz*. *The Lonely Time* was lovely, and very gentle in mood.

The International band climaxed the afternoon with a program of originals and arrangements by Adolphe Sandole, LaPorta, Giuffre, Bill Russo, and Marshall Brown, its

director. There was a noticeable lack of solo strength, quite probably due to nervousness on the part of the band members. Ensembles, however, were ripped off with polish and snap, although the powerful trumpet section seemed less crackling in performance than it had in rehearsals.

The opener was Brown's *Don't Wait For Henry*, an easy-tempoed piece with solos by tenor man Bernt Rosengren of Sweden, trumpeter Dusko Gojkovic of Hungary, trombone man Albert Mangelsdorff of Germany, tenorist Jan Wroblewski of Poland, and trombonist Kurt Jarnberg of Sweden. Rosengren soloed with the sound and push of Sonny Rollins, with some stylistic tributes to John Coltrane, but lacked cohesion. Both Mangelsdorff and Gojkovic had displayed more potency in their rehearsal work. Wroblewski, of the Pres-Getz school, sorted together some ideas, but didn't manage to give them much form.

Things picked up with Sandole's *Indiana*, on which trumpeter Roger Guerin of France and alto man Hans Salomon of Austria carried the fleet theme, with pianist George Gruntz of Switzerland galloping like an angry Horace Silver. Arif Marden's

Sandole's *Hallelujah*, Russo's *Newport Suite* in two parts—*Blues* and *A Dance*—was a challenging work, cleanly played by the band, and featuring good solos by Gojkovic, Jarnberg, Guerin, and Salomon.

Too Marvelous For Words, by Sandole, had more competent solo work by Gojkovic, and LaPorta's *Jazz Concerto for Alto Saxophone* featured 15-year-old Andy Marsala of Farmingdale, N.Y., who blew easily through the composition. The work featured a lyrical and moving section, with Marsala playing the pretty theme with guitar backing by Gabor Szabo of Hungary. As an encore, Andy played LaPorta's arrangement of *Don't Blame Me*.

The band closed its set with LaPorta's arrangement of *Swinging The Blues*, sparked by a series of easy, swinging choruses by Rosengren, who apparently had loosened up. Gojkovic contributed a witty solo. Mangelsdorff played better, but still not up to expectations. Guerin came down front and played the most exciting series of choruses of the set, a charming collection of variations done with some emphasis on half-valving, and with a verve and polish that was a joy to hear.

During the set, the lead trumpet

as though it was in terrible shape, played an incredibly poor solo on *And The Angels Sing* coast-to-coast.

After the radio show, Teddy Wilson contributed a well-balanced set of tunes associated with and expected of him. He was backed by bassist Johnny Williams and drummer Bert Dahlander.

The remainder of the night was all Goodman, the band, Jimmy Rushing, Martha Tilton, and some very bad sounds.

On the band were Butterfield, Bernie Glow, Doc Severinson, and Taft Jordan, trumpets; Frank Rehak, Eddie Bert, Vernon Brown, trombones; Buddy Tate, Skippy Coluccio, Ernie Morrow, Rudy Rutherford, Gene Allen, reeds; Henry Grimes, bass; Roy Burns, drums; Roland Hanna, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar.

Goodman played virtually all the old favorites, including *Don't Be That Way*, *Bach Goes To Town*; *Loch Lomond*, *Cherokee*, *More Than You Know*, *Body and Soul*, *The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise*; *Sing, Sing Sing*; and *One O'Clock Jump*. Rushing sang *I'm Comin' Virginia*, *Harvard Blues*, *Brussels Blues*, and *A Fine Romance* (with Martha). She sang *'S Wonder-*



Duke Ellington



The panels

arrangement of *Imagination* featured trombonist Christian Kellens of Belgium, and some beautifully voiced, wide-spread band writing.

Giuffre's work, *The Pentatonic Man*, was impressive. He used the orchestra as he does his trio, with shifting lines from sections and within sections. The rhythm section was not used conventionally at any time in the work. There were no solos.

Baritone Ronnie Ross of England blew well, but a bit impatiently, on

work of Denmark's Palle Bolvig and the drumming of Italy's Gilberto Cuppini were impressive.

—dom

Friday Evening

The Benny Goodman band made mincemeat of Benny Goodman night.

The radio broadcast portion of the program included sets by Chico Hamilton's quintet and the Gerry Mulligan quartet, as well as a half-hour of things to come by the band. Billy Butterfield, whose lip sounded

ful, *Loimond*, and a medley including *Please Be Kind*, *I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart*, and *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*.

Goodman, despite the ragged, often distorted, sound of his band, appeared in excellent spirits. He danced, swung his hips, and made a few jokes during the course of the plodding night. His playing was quite erratic in sound, ranging from a thin, reedy sound to a full, liquid one . . . sometimes in the same solo. Some more obvious things, Benny did rather listlessly. Some quite

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rough things, like the quartet's *Waiting For The Sunrise*, he rocked off with no trouble.

But the inability of Butterfield to make it with the rest of the trumpets made the band a painful experience to undergo. Even more apparent, however, was the fact that what the Goodman night would have been, if it had happened, was a nostalgic dance set.

—dom

Saturday Afternoon

Critics had their afternoon on Saturday at this year's festival.

Several prominent writers and critics presented groups of their own selection. The critics participating, with the group or individual each endorsed, were:

Alan Morrison, New York editor of *Ebony Magazine*: the Randy Weston trio.

Bill Coss, editor of *Metronome Magazine*: the Don Butterfield sextet.

Leonard Feather, author of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz* and *The Book of Jazz*; pianist Willie (The Lion) Smith and vibist Lem Winchester.

George Frazier, jazz writer: singer Beulah Bryant.

Barry Ulanov, author of *The Handbook of Jazz*: the Bernard Peiffer trio. (Ulanov was unable to attend to personally introduce his choice. Feather performed the task for him.)

Dom Cerulli, associate editor of *Down Beat*: the Herb Pomeroy orchestra.

The presentation of the critics' choices was preceded by a brief two-tune set by Angelo DiPippo's quartet, featuring DiPippo, accordion; Sam Most, flute; Tommy Potter, bass, and Teddy Sommer, drums. The performances of *All the Things You Are* and *What is This Thing Called Love* by the group, highlighted by DiPippo's modern sound on accordion, was reasonably pleasant, but not fully rewarding.

Randy Weston's trio, introduced by Morrison, was the first in the procession of critics' choices. Supported by George Joyner, bass, and G. T. Hogan, drums, Weston indicated once again the substantial progress he has achieved in the realm of jazz piano. Playing with appreciable authority and often striking conceptual power, Weston performed five original compositions, including *Hi Fly*, three jazz waltzes—*Little Susan*, *Babe's Blues*, and *Little Niles*, and an up-tempo *Machine Blues*.

Coss followed with an introduction of the Butterfield group, which

included Butterfield, tuba; Lou Mucci, trumpet; Seldon Powell, tenor, clarinet, bass clarinet, and flute; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Bob Swan, percussion, and Joe Venuto, drums. Dedicating the set to the late John Kirby, Butterfield led the group through a series of semi-experimental compositions with such titles as *Plaintive Native*, *Inverse Perspective*, and *Euphoria Sonoria*. Butterfield utilized the ability of Swan and Venuto to double on vibes to present a two vibes piece, an arrangement by Venuto of *When I Fall in Love*. Swan was featured on several percussion instruments, including a brief tympani solo. For the most part, however, the group was not as creatively adventurous as the titles of the charts seemed to indicate. Much of the group's music was stiffly expressed, with the instrumentation appearing to be an end in itself. The relationship between the group and the John Kirby group, outlined by Coss in his introduction, seemed somewhat dubious.

A gust of fresh air comforted the afternoon audience when Feather presented Willie (The Lion) Smith. With straw hat tilted forward and cigar clamped firmly between his lips, Smith provided five examples of stride piano splendor. Backed by drummer Jim Zitano of the Pomeroy band, he performed *Contrary Motion*, *Squeeze Me*, *Portrait of the Duke*, *Echoes of Spring*, and *Finger-bustin'*, pausing between tunes only long enough to converse inimitably with the audience.

Next in line was George Frazier's choice, singer Beulah Bryant, subbing for Julia Lee, originally scheduled to appear. Backed by Julian Adderley, alto; John Mehegan, piano; John Neves, bass, and Zitano, drums, Miss Bryant manifested what certain critics term "roots", but displayed as well a notable lack of talent. Performing with the ferocity of a primitive Velma Middleton, the hefty shouter offered two blues, including *Shake, Rattle, and Roll*, and *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*, a combination some listeners, including Big Bill Broonzy, might find incongruous and objectionable.

Frazier's introduction, by the way, was presented largely in Latin. Several chuckles were noted on the part of doctors, pharmacists, and clergymen in the audience, but to those who neglected to obtain a classical education, it simply represented another aspect of fun at Newport.

The Bernard Peiffer trio, introduced by Feather in Ulanov's absence, provided several enlightening



Miles Davis
Marian McPortland



moments. Peiffer, assisted by bassist Ernie Furtado and the exceptionally capable drummer, Jimmy Campbell, illustrated his impressive technical facility, as he did in his appearance at last year's festival.

What is more important, he indicated as well that he has made progress in the move from technique as an end to technique as a means to a more creative end. On *Easy to Love* and *Jeepers Creepers*, he manifested a surging rhythmic quality and an ability to play inspirationally, on a conceptual level. On *Last Night When We Were Young*, however, he lapsed into a florid mood. His closing offering, his own *Blues for Django*, was a strikingly effective performance, despite some heavy-handed moments. His appearance indicated substantial progress made, progress which led many to look forward to his gradual emergence as a significant jazz pianist on a grand, almost Tatumesque scale.

When Peiffer concluded his set, a police officer moved on stand. Instead of bearing a subpoena, however, he was well-armed with a vibraphone. He was Feather's second selection, Lem Winchester, from Wilmington, Del.

centric comments on the state of jazz in Boston, had something to offer in the Herb Pomeroy band. Equipped with an unusually fresh array of charts and a stirring ensemble sound, the band made more sense than several of the more prominent bands appearing at the festival. However, it shared one limitation with several of the other bands—a lack of solo strength. Armed with the charts, the ensemble sound, and a strong rhythm section, however, the band communicated forcefully. Among the material presented were Charlie Bechler's *East Wind*, Neal Bridge's *The Green Horn*, Bob Freedman's *On the Other World* (featuring Freedman on alto), Arif Marden's *Blues for Myself*, and a scorching closer, George Duvivier's *The Lunceford Touch*. The latter, in this writer's opinion, was the single most effective big band performance of the festival.

The band itself, composed of men with a variety of "daytime" jobs who want to find additional satisfaction in jazz, included Pomeroy, trumpet and leader; Bill Berry, Nick Capezuto, Lennie Johnson, and Augie Ferretti, trumpets; Joe Cia-

forced to remodel their decaying musical homes.

—gold

Saturday Evening

Rock and Roll came to Newport at this concert, and fared a bit better than some of the more legitimate presentations. The type of music new to Newport was best personified by Chuck Berry, who sang his big record hits, pranced, danced, and duck-waddled across the stage, with a band of jazz men backing him.

The blues parade began with Joe Turner, Pete Johnson, Ray Charles and his band, and Maynard Ferguson's wailing band, all of whom made the radio broadcast. Johnson opened the actual concert, accompanied by Jo Jones and bassist Tom Bryant.

Joe Turner was accompanied by the Newport Blues band, including Jack Teagarden, Lennie Johnson, Buck Clayton, Georgie Auld, Rudy Rutherford, Buddy Tate, Jo Jones, Pete Johnson, and Tom Bryant. He sang *Let The Good Times Roll*; *Corina, Corina*; *Honey Hush*; *Shake, Rattle, and Roll*, all to good response from the more-than-capacity audience. Most of the presentation was blues, although the last number hit the R&R crowd where they lived.

Ray Charles and his group rocked through a blazing tune called *Hot Rod*, then he settled down at piano for *Sherry*, which was taken at a more comfortable tempo for soloing. Charles played a *Blues Waltz*, with some interesting voicings behind the soloists. He sang *I'm A Fool For You*, and brought on the Raylets, a female quartet, to sing *Yes Indeed*, a blues with a strong spiritual feel. They encored with *The Night Time is the Right Time*; and Charles closed his portion of the show with a driving blues, *I've Got a Woman Good to Me*. On the whole, it was an enjoyable performance.

Big Maybelle, backed by the blues band, sang *Baby Please Don't Go*, *Cherry*, a rocking blues (sparked by Buck Clayton's punching trumpet), *If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight*, and another blues.

Gerry Mulligan's group, with Bill Crow, bass; Art Farmer, trumpet; and Dave Bailey, drums, played a good jazz set including *The Positive Minor*; *Bernie's Tune*; *Baubles, Bangles, and Beads*; *Blueport*; *Moonlight In Vermont*; *Blues From Blueport*; and *As Catch Can*. Both Gerry and Art played extremely

(Continued on Page 32)



The International Band

Joined by the Pomeroy band's rhythm section—Ray Santisi, piano; Neves, bass, and Zitano, drums—Winchester manifested a Hampton-influenced fury, as he charged through a brief set that included *Take the 'A' Train* and *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*. He performed throughout with Hamptonian inclination, but without some of Hampton's occasionally poor taste. He well could become a contributing jazz vibist, if he's willing to abandon the police force to do so.

Dom Cerulli, despite some ethno-

vardone, Bill Ligan, and Gene DiStasio, trombones; Jimmy Mosher, Varty Haroutunian, Joe Caruso, Dave Chapman, and Freedman, reeds; Santisi, piano; Neves, bass, and Zitano, drums.

It is a tribute to Pomeroy's organizational and inspirational skill that the band made a solid impression on the Newport audience, which applauded the band's efforts with great enthusiasm. If Pomeroy can develop soloists of consistently high quality, the bands currently dwelling in the land of complacency may be

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- Jazz Records
- Popular Records
- Tape Recordings

- Blindfold Test
- High Fidelity
- Jazz Best-Sellers

- In Person
- Radio-TV
- Films

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LAURINDO ALMEIDA

In *Maracaibo* (Decca DL 8756), the lovely guitar work of Laurindo Almeida is presented in a strange, and unsatisfying setting. Collected here is the music as played by Laurindo for the film, and it doesn't hang together too well without having seen the picture for reference.

There is some first-rate playing on rather routine themes, though. And a simple and lovely version of Schubert's *Ave Maria*, played as a guitar solo, which is as beautiful as anything you're likely to hear in a long while. Recommended, but with the reservations, as noted. (D.C.)

JULIE ANDREWS

Julie Andrews, of *My Fair Lady* Liza Doolittle fame, sings her way through a collection of tunes by some of our best songwriters in *Julie Andrews Sings* (RCA Victor LPM 1681). Aided by Irwin Kostal's studio orchestra, she performs the standard dozen tunes, including *It Might As Well Be Spring*; *Falling in Love with Love*; *I'm Old-Fashioned*; *My Ship*; *Cheek to Cheek*; *Come to Me—Bend to Me*, and *So in Love*.

Those who enjoyed Miss Andrews as the celebrated Liza—in person or on the original-cast LP—will find her voice, described by annotator Stanley Green as “the clear, meadow-brook soprano,” somewhat enchanting. She communicates with a kind of cool charm throughout, restrained and disciplined. (D.G.)

CARUSO

In somewhat flamboyant packaging, Victor again presents a collection of the often phenomenal singing of Enrico Caruso. Titled *The Best of Caruso* (LM-6056, two LPs), the set includes operatic arias, popular songs, and an oddly stirring version of *Over There*.

To these ears, although influenced by the Caruso legend, his voice is still the most thrilling tenor captured on record, however thin and unsatisfying the recorded sound may be. Today, I would consider only Jussi Bjoerling, when he is in excellent voice, this generation's counterpart to Caruso, who somehow always seemed in excellent voice for records.

The concept that the human voice is the most flexible, musical, and dramatic of all the instruments is surely borne out in this set. Play *Cielo E Mar* or *Rachel, Quand Due Seigneur* . . . to experience that flight no instrument can quite equal. (D.C.)

VAN CLIBURN

This is what all the fuss and holler was about. Tchaikovsky's *Piano Concerto No. 1* is given a flashing, bristling reading by the young pianist who copped the Russian competition (RCA Victor LM 2252). Kiril Kondrashin conducts the orchestra in this war horse which still manages to sound exciting under the fingers of inspiration. (D.C.)

LOLA FISHER

It's difficult for a reviewer to justify lengthy comments on most of the pop records issued these days. However, *From Here to Yonder* (Cadence CLP 4002), featuring the voice of Lola Fisher and the compositions of Noel and Gloria Regney, is a genuinely interesting, if not wholly successful, entry.

Miss Fisher is the former Sammy Kaye vocalist who served as understudy for Julie Andrews in the New York cast of *My Fair Lady*. All the songs in the album were written specifically for her by the Regneys. In a departure from most efforts, the Regneys have written a dozen tunes along folk ballad lines. In so doing, they have created a sameness of mood which is not fully successful. Several of the songs are similar, and the lyrics verge on Disney-landesque occasionally.

Nevertheless, the efforts indicate the kind of preparation that can be devoted to the production of an LP when the recording supervisor allows freedom to those participating.

Miss Fisher sings with taste and a delicate charm, complementing the balladic material quite effectively. Backing, by Archie Bleyer's studio orchestra, is equally tasteful, in keeping with the over-all mood established by the Regneys.

Among the tunes that do not tend to adhere to the *Barbara Allen* tradition are several other singers may wish to explore: *When I Go to Meet My Love, Robin*, and *If You Should Roam Across the World*.

The Regneys, it seems to me, are on the right track. Whether they are aware of it or not, they could, with some revision, create a sizable portion of the score for a folk musical, utilizing the material contained in this LP. Based on her efforts here, Miss Fisher could qualify for the lead. (D.G.)

GISELLE

Adolphe Adam's melodious score to the ballet *Giselle* is one of the many excellent orchestral LPs and sets issuing regularly from Angel (Angel 3583 B, two LPs).

The two act ballet, with its strength in

the story, which deals with dancing, is given a splendid reading by the Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden, with Yuri Fayer conducting. (D.C.)

GLEN GRAY

Sounds of the Great Bands (Capitol W 1022) is just that. A 17-piece studio band, turned Casa Loma orchestra for the occasion, follows leader Gray through a series of visits to the realms of famous bands, performing tunes associated with the bands.

The visits are abbreviated, but the past is re-created successfully for the many persons who eagerly await the return of the big bands on a grand scale.

Among the bands saluted by Gray and companions are Gene Krupa (*Symphony in Riffs*), Artie Shaw (*Begin the Beguine*), Count Basie (*One O'Clock Jump*), Jimmy Dorsey (*Contrasts*), Charlie Barnet (*Cherokee*), Duke Ellington (*Take the "A" Train*), Erskine Hawkins (*After Hours*), Lionel Hampton (*Flying Home*), Tommy Dorsey (*Song of India*), Claude Thornhill (*Snowfall*), Woody Herman (*Woodchopper's Ball*), Jan Savit (*720 in the Books*), Earl Hines (*Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues*), Glenn Miller (*String of Pearls*), Randy Brooks (*Tenderly*), and Bobby Sherman (*Elks' Parade*).

The sounds of these bands indicate that there's a good deal lacking on the present big band scene. Perhaps LPs of this sort will assist in creating a renaissance. (D.G.)

BOBBY HACKETT

The habitual collector of Hackett's mood musings by now must have on the shelf enough creamy warm cornet and trumpet ballads to fill more hours than there are in an evening of smooching and sipping by the fire. *Don't Take Your Love from Me* (Capitol T1002) is a worthy addition to the Hackett corner of one's collection.

Gently blowing before an orchestra conducted by David Terry, Bobby caresses with customary clarity a round dozen ballads, such as *Moonlight Serenade*; *Zigeuner*; *Don't Take Your Love from Me*, and *The Thrill Is Gone*. Mighty pretty; sometimes mighty romantic. Throw another log on the fire, Corinne, and come over here . . . (J.A.T.)

FRED KATZ

Jazz has reached such a laudable level of public acceptance that record companies are discovering in the very word itself a marketable commodity. Latest manifestation (Continued on Page 26)

jazz records

Records are reviewed by Dom Cerulli, Don Gold, John A. Tynan, and Martin Williams and are initiated by the writers. Ratings: ★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Brandeis University Festival

MODERN JAZZ CONCERT—Columbia WL 127: *All About Rosie*; *On Green Mountain*; *Suspensions*; *Revelations* (first movement); *All Set*; *Transformation*. Personnel: Lou Mucci, Art Farmer, trumpets; Hal McKusick, John LaPorta, saxes; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Robert DiDomenico, flute; Manuel Zegler, bassoon; Bill Evans, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Teddy Charles, vibes; James Buffington, French horn; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Teddy Sommer, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

This set of six compositions commissioned by Brandeis university for its arts festival last year (*Down Beat*, July 25, 1957) was written within the somewhat restricting conditions of the instrumentation listed above and a time limit of some seven minutes each. The composers were allowed full freedom of choice of instruments from within the instrumentation.

The works and their composers: *Rosie*, George Russell; *Mountain*, Harold Shapero; *Suspensions*, Jimmy Giuffre; *Revelations*, Charles Mingus; *All Set*, Milton Babbitt, and *Transformation*, Gunther Schuller.

The usual hue and cry of "Is this jazz?" is bound to arise and largely because the forms utilized by the various composers are not those we have become accustomed to regard as jazz. The cooking 4/4 is generally replaced by subtler, often shifting rhythms; certainly more demanding of the musicians and more challenging to the listener than the often basic patterns into which jazz has been molded.

There is some element of improvisation in every composition except Giuffre's, which Jimmy wrote in a vein approximating the soloist's freedom but which gives him the composer's solos to play.

Briefly, the set succeeds admirably on two planes: the musical and the listenable. While that may read somewhat frivolously, it implies that for what the compositions intended musically, they generally accomplished. And where instances such as this often tend to become brittle or pedantic or deeply technical, this set manages to sustain a high level of interest for the jazz listener who might otherwise be repelled by the absence of forms, instrumentation, and established patterns of jazz conformity.

I found Russell's *Rosie* the most gripping and exciting composition on the set. In it, as noted by Schuller, pianist Evans contributes a remarkable piano solo, pulsing with life, and driving with stated and implied rhythms and accents. Evans' work, at the very least the most demanding of the entire set, should serve to establish him as a significant pianist on today's scene.

Schuller's *Transformation*, a relatively simple piece, is a very rewarding listening experience, and must have been a ball to play. Against an opening background of solid tones, jazz devices are introduced and gradually worked into a subtle framework that quickly becomes free swinging.

Mingus' *Revelations* opens with a very moving, deeply chorded section that gives way to a rousing piano segment and a brisker movement. The second section builds to an almost unbearable pitch of

frenzy and then dissolves to an almost pastoral ending.

Giuffre's piece is full of the blues feeling he is working with in his own group and is extremely interesting in structure.

Babbitt's *All Set*, sounding like virtually complete improvisation, is the most difficult to listen to and the most challenging. Shapero's *Mountain*, a chaconne after Monteverdi, has jazz improvisation on classical themes and harmonies. I found it at the other end of the spectrum from Russell, whose approach was wholly jazz. In the cases of Shapero and Babbitt, I think the initial listening difficulty lay in the approach of the "serious" contemporary composer to jazz material. Basically, the other works were extensions from jazz.

The LP will be the subject of considerable interest in jazz and surely of constant debate. I think its worth is not so much in what was accomplished here but what was implied. Although I don't really feel that jazz and "classical" music are moving toward each other, one day to become one mighty contemporary music, I do believe that each can be nourished by the other. That, I think, is what has happened here, with varying degrees of success.

The playing is superb by all hands, particularly Evans and Sommer. Schuller's liner notes demonstrate once again that the musicians involved should write about their music. They are literate and quite a valuable part to an understanding and appreciation of the recording. (D.C.)

Paul Chambers

PAUL CHAMBERS QUINTET—Blue Note 1564: *Minor Rundown*; *The Hand of Love*; *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise*; *Four Strings*; *What's New*; *Beauties*.

Personnel: Chambers, bass; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Cliff Jordan, tenor; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

This is not another blowing date, likely to be as good or as interesting as the soloists themselves are likely to make it. It is not because Benny Golson contributed *Minor Rundown* and *Four Strings*, both of which squarely face the problem of providing pieces for a bassist-leader and for Chambers specifically with awareness of just what that problem means. *Rundown* has, first of all, a very good line which also manages to be funky without being affected about it. Second, it is one excellently suited for Chambers' pizzicato style; once having heard it, it is hard to imagine it being so effectively played any other way.

Chambers also bows, of course, and for that approach Golson provided the *Strings* theme for him to work against, and it is appropriate (but a later riff line therein draws rather heavily on both *Blue 'n' Boogie* and *Doodlin'*).

Another thing worth celebrating is the presence of Flanagan, who can provide a gentle but firmly swinging and full accompaniment without resorting to the trickery or slickness of other pianists, who are frequently called on to do a similar job on record dates.

Byrd shows a kind of relaxation here — a quality without which sureness cannot come.

Chambers is, of course, a very good accompanist. I have heard him play with more imaginative variety, but that was with a working group, and this is a pickup record date. He usually approaches his solos with a serious intention to create music. One might expect that to be true of every jazzman, but it isn't, and I have heard Chambers do it under some very trying circumstances. (M.W.)

Arne Domnerus

SWEDISH MODERN JAZZ—Camden CAL 417: *Topsy Theme*; *Relax*; *Frenesi*; *For Dave*; *Blue Moon*; *I Got Rhythm*; *Don't You Know I Care*; *Gone with the Wind*; *Take the "A" Train*; *Creole Love Call*.

Personnel: Domnerus, alto and (Tracks 2, 5, 12) clarinet; Gunnar Svensson, piano; Georg Riedel, bass; Egil Johansen, drums. Tracks 11, 2: add Bengt-Arne Wallin, trumpet; Rolf Blomqvist, Lennart Jansson, saxes.

Rating: ★★½

This is another record that makes a word like *competence* almost unavoidable.

It is perfectly possible, as the notes suggest, to describe Domnerus' alto style here as a kind of modernized Benny Carter, but (a) Benny Carter has "modernized" himself, and differently, and (b) Domnerus' style varies among many (besides Carter, Lee Konitz and Paul Desmond, Charlie Parker, even a suggestion of Cannonball Adderley).

Rhythmically, it remains late swing, but on *Midnight* there is indication that Domnerus has grasped Parker's subdivisions of the beat. On several numbers, his alto tone varies widely — if not from scale to scale, at least from register to register, with an unfitting harshness in high notes which are sometimes uncontrolled.

On clarinet, his playing has much more center and stylistic unity, but it also has a "pleasant" air about it that can sound almost fatuous.

Johansen does some good drumming on some of the tracks and shows a good range, but the rhythm section does have a frequent edge or strain that is not so much a question of time but of its lack of a unity and groove — at any rate, Johansen and Svensson don't often seem to be in the same one. (M.W.)

Victor Feldman

THE MUSIC OF VICTOR FELDMAN: Bid Band/Quartet/Septet — Contemporary C 3541: *Cabaleito*; *Elegy*; *Suite 16*; *Sonar*; *Big Top*; *Duffle Coat*; *Brazil for All*; *Sunshine on a Dull Day*; *Maize*.

Personnel: Tracks 4, 7, 8: Feldman, vibes (and piano on Track 7); Derek Humble, alto; Jimmy Deuchar and Dizzy Reece, trumpets; Tommy Pollard, piano (Tracks 4, 8); Lennie Bush, bass; Tony Crombie, drums, Track 3: Feldman; Pollard; Eric Peter, bass; Crombie, drums, piano, Tracks 1, 5, 6: Feldman, vibes, percussion; Humble; Ronnie Scott, Tubby Hayes, tenor; Harry Klein, baritone; Jimmy Watson, Jimmy Deuchar, Reece, trumpets; Ken Wray, trombone, bass trumpet; John Burden, French horn; Jim Powell, tuba; Norman Stentalt, piano; Bush; Phil Seaman, drums, Track 6: Feldman, Stentalt, Bush, Seaman.

Rating: ★★★

These were made in London in 1955, and when one hears them, the word *capable* will constantly occur to him — but that is a word that might not have occurred to him on hearing a British jazz group until relatively recently.

"Capable" means that most of the musicians have grasped what jazz is about. It also means, at one extreme, that most of what happens is derivative and, at the

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other (especially of Reece), that one speculates on what might happen with more experience. We can hear the results of just that in Feldman's more recent work, of course, and what he does here on, say, the "Minore" section of the *Suite* indicates why he now finds himself in the company he does.

On a couple of tracks there is evidence that British rhythm still can have its compulsiveness.

One of the most original things to be heard is the way almost every man who approached the piano here (Feldman included) did something with rather Monkish material. (M.W.)

Juanita Hall

JUANITA HALL SINGS THE BLUES — Counterpoint CPST556: Hold That Train; You've Been a Good Old Wagon; After You've Gone; Nobody Wants You When You're Down and Out; I Don't Want It Secondhand; A Good Man Is Hard to Find; Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?; Gulf Coast Blues; Second Fiddle; Downhearted Blues; Gimme a Pigfoot; Lovin' Sam From Alabama.

Personnel: Miss Hall, vocals; Claude Hopkins, piano, arranger; Coleman Hawkins, tenor; Buster

Bailey, clarinet; Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Jimmy Crawford, drums; George Duvivier, bass.

Rating: ★★★★

This is labeled a "compatible stereo disc." I cannot speak of its stereophonic characteristics nor really of its compatibility. I can only report that on my monaural equipment, it comes through with a deal of treble (enough to be shrill unless dampened), a lack of bass, and a volume which needs a setting a bit above the usual.

In effect, the record is another of the Bessie Smith re-creations. Miss Hall sings her way, and it happens to be, not only because of her love and respect for the material but also because of her background, closest to Bessie Smith's yet. The difference, however, is important: it is that note of vaudeville bravura (dramatized by the inclusion of *Sam*), that one also hears in Lizzie Miles, but which Bessie's realistically honest and dignified art just did not allow.

The accompaniments and Hopkins' arrangements are fine throughout, (the best ones of this "series"), and Doc Cheatham proves again (as he did with Billie Holiday

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on *The Sound of Jazz* show) that he is a good enough accompanist to demand comparison with King Oliver and Joe Smith. And Hawkins again shows that he is adaptable both to stylistic changes and circumstances as he has always been — and still is Hawkins. (M.W.)

Billie Holiday-Ray Ellis

LADY IN SATIN—Columbia CL1157: *I'm a Fool to Want You; For Heaven's Sake; You Don't Know What Love Is; I Get Along Without You Very Well; For All We Know; Violets for Your Furs; You've Changed; It's Easy to Remember; But Beautiful; Glad to Be Unhappy; I'll Be Around; The End of a Love Affair.*

Personnel: Miss Holiday, vocals with large string orchestra and chorus conducted by Ellis. Solos by Urbie Green, trombone (Tracks 1, 8, 12); Mel Davis, trumpet (Tracks 4, 9); J. J. Johnson, trombone (Tracks 4, 6, 7, 10).

Rating: ★★

I think that this first record under Miss Holiday's new contract was a mistake.

"Jazz singing" (as distinguished from both blues singing and rhythm singing) exists as a category only because of the work of a few people: Ethel Waters in the 1920s and early '30s, Louis Armstrong, Miss Holiday, Mildred Bailey, Ella Fitzgerald, Dinah Washington, the Sarah Vaughan of the mid-40s, and the Carmen McRae of a few years ago — and very few others.

The jazz singer, of course, obtains material from what is at hand and reworks it. And what is at hand is the popular song. The popular song has its virtues, but it also has its defects.

If Miss Holiday had the kind of taste (I don't necessarily mean "degree" of taste) that would lead her to reject popular songs because of their frequent triteness, self-pity, grasping possessiveness, childish delusions, mawkishness, then Miss Holiday would have cut herself off from any material at all and cut off her talent before she discovered it.

When she uses such material, she overides and transforms banalities. The late Fats Waller and sometimes Armstrong have done it with burlesque. Miss Fitzgerald and sometimes Armstrong transform with an innate and imaginative musicianship. Miss Holiday has repeatedly taken almost deplorable material and, with both a musical imagination and deep sense of drama, made it into something genuinely moving and real. What if she had rejected *Yesterdays*, for example, because of its sentimental and trite lyrics?

On the other hand, the same predisposition of taste has also led her to this.

Ellis is a man whose approach is essentially lushly sentimental, and his work dramatizes and abets that side of these songs. Also, since Miss Holiday's voice (like that of most untrained singers) has deepened and hardened and become more an instrument of *recitative*, she cannot do what she has done in the past with comparable accompaniments and make this a kind of honest, unpretentious torch singing. The scores constantly dramatize the quality of her voice, 1958.

Today, whether she is in good voice or not, her honesty and drama usually come through — but they need the right setting.

There are moments when her art does overcome her circumstances; the delivery of "it's a heartache anyway" line in *But Beautiful* is powerful. (M.W.)

Joe Holiday

HOLIDAY FOR JAZZ—Decca DL 8487: *Hello to You; Mimi the Champ; Curtain Call; Winter Snow; Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing; Tiny Mite; Opening Night; Dorothy's Little Shadow; Timmy's Tune; Cousin Nino; Study in Turquoise; Skeetie.*

Personnel: Tracks 5, 6, 7, 9: Holiday, tenor; Hal Mitchell, trumpet; Eddie Bert, trombone; Cecil Payne, baritone; Duke Jordan, piano; Osie Johnson, Wendell Marshall, bass. Other tracks: Thad Bert; Payne; Jordan; Addison Farmer, bass; Carmen Pepe, drums.

Rating: ★★

According to the liner, Holiday's favorites on tenor are Stan Getz and the late Wardell Gray, men whose work depends on a rather special relationship among line, harmony, and tone. Holiday has a limited and almost rigid harmonic concept and a somewhat inconstant tone, and the effect is almost as if a coolish tenor man were trying to play in rhythm and blues style but kept forgetting himself.

The arrangements are what one would expect: work got together for a record date, with plenty of commonplaces but done by highly capable men. Several have that vaudevillian curtain-raiser flash, and several are rather nervously played.

Art Farmer (on *Curtain Call*, for one) and Jordan contribute some very good solos. (M.W.)

Lee Konitz

THE REAL LEE KONITZ—Atlantic 1273: *Straightaway; Foolin' Myself; You Go to My Head; My Melancholy Baby; Pennies in Minor; Sweet and Lovely; Easy Livin'; Midway.*

Personnel: Konitz, alto; Don Ferrara, tracks 5, 6, trumpet; Billy Bauer, guitar; Peter Ind, bass; Dick Scott, drums.

Rating: ★★★★½

The title stems from the fact that Konitz did the final editing of these tapes, cut at the Midway lounge in Pittsburgh last March, and he trimmed out or off everything he felt was uninspired or bad. This leads to some incomplete tracks and a somewhat disturbing lack of unity to the tracks concerned.

But before anyone rushes off with a banner proclaiming: Unfair, it's best to note that what Lee has done is certainly more forthright than what is done every day in recording studios. He presents here truncated live performances which suffer only through their incompleteness. What we receive too often from studio sessions are spliced tapes which, when you come right down to it, are not as honest as Lee's type of presentation.

I would think that Lee would be the first to agree that any picture of the real Lee Konitz would have to include those uninspired moments along with the ones that sparkle. But this set, I think, tends to present Lee in a truer light than a studio session, for all is completeness.

Lee's playing is wonderful throughout, with an easy flow from idea to idea and an often remarkable ability to twist the unexpected into the even more unexpected. Bauer and Ind, too, are at a high level. Ferrara sounds impressive. Scott is unobtrusive and tasteful.

Lee's solos vary between the swingers and the ballad, and on *You Go to My Head*, for instance, his choruses are as lovely as you are likely to hear on that warhorse for a long time.

One final note: Lee's liner notes are a further demonstration that the musicians involved can always do more intelligent and informative commenting on their work than



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You here) he is not playing it safe, coasting, or being trite.

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He is, of course, original and individual. One might almost say that he adapts music and his instrument to himself, not himself to it. But any discussion of his instrumental technique is obviously beside the point; he is thoroughly musical in the *real* meaning of that phrase.

He is not presented here as a "Dixieland" musician, which is good because he was never really a good polyphonic player; he is a soloist. Pierce's arrangements, although a couple scored in the manner one might use for a larger group, acknowledge this and acknowledge the fact that his approach is primarily melodic and not rhythmic.

Others present are playing and not resting on past achievements either. But for this time let the report be on Pee Wee Russell. (M.W.)

Bob Scobey

BETWEEN 18TH AND 19TH ON ANY STREET
—RCA Victor LPM-1567: *The Five-Piece Band*; Medley—Whistling in The Dark; My Extraordinary Girl; Cake-Walking Babies from Home; Medley—A Sunday Kind of Love; Black and Blue; I'm Not Rough; Woodchopper's Ball; My Bucket's Got a Hole in It; Struttin' with Some Barbecue; Medley—West End Blues; Muggles; Between It, Pretty Mama; Undecided; Bob's Blues; Between 18th and 19th on Chestnut Street.

Personnel: Scobey, trumpet; Jack Buck, Doug Skinner, trombones; Pete Dovidio, clarinet; Clancy Hayes, banjo, vocals (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 12); Clyde Pound, piano; Tom Beeson, bass; Dave Black, drums.

Rating: ★★★

A generally good set of Dixieland and swing from Scobey's group, plus more buoyant singing by Hayes. The strength of this collection is in the material, which is mostly not the usual Dixie fare, weakly ground out by most groups of this nature.

I think the group is at its best in relaxed pieces like *Bob's Blues*, and at its weakest in the churning things such as *Woodchopper's*, which too often sound like a Dixie group way over its head playing a request for *One O'Clock Jump* or some such swing era anthem.

Armstrong's tunes are well done. I found none of the solos really distinguished but neither were they definitely poor. Rather, it jells as a sort of middle-of-the-road offering with an air of a group working comfortably within its scope of material. (D.C.)

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manner and emotional power to give organization and continuity? At the very least such an approach is likely to have run its course in a chorus or two, leaving the soloist with little to do but paraphrase and repeat himself.

Monkish sounds like one might have arrived at it with little more than an acquaintance with *Mysterioso*. Smith's second solo on *Valentine* has the most melodic continuity, I think, and the Bach devices in that piece and *Laura* might be taken as humorous — if one felt inclined to. (M.W.)

George Wallington

KNIGHT MUSIC—George Wallington Trio, Atlantic 1275: *Godchild; Serendipity; Billie's Tune; The Ghostly Lover; Up Jumped the Devil; It's All Right with Me; The End of a Love Affair; Will You Still Be Mine?; In a Sentimental Mood; World Weary; One Night of Love.*

Personnel: Wallington, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass; Nick Stabulas, drums; Jerry Lloyd (Tracks 2, 4, 5), bass trumpet; J. R. Monterose (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7), tenor.

Rating: ★★★★

THE PRESTIDIGITATOR—George Wallington Quintet, East-West 4004: *In Salah; Composin' at the Composer; Jouons; Rural Route; Promised Land; August Moon; The Prestidigitator.*

Personal: Wallington, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass; Nick Stabulas, drums; Jerry Lloyd (Tracks 2, 4, 5), bass trumpet; J. R. Monterose (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7), tenor.

Rating: ★★★★

A pair of substantial offerings by Wallington in two contexts.

On both, George shows flashes of Mose Allison's bluesy, abrupt style. This is particularly marked on the Allison tunes, but also crops up in such as Wallington's own *Up Jumped the Devil* and on the introduction to *It's All Right*.

The quintet has some bright solo work by Monterose, and some low-key bass trumpeting by Lloyd. Both LPs profit from the professional rhythm-section work of Stabulas and Kotick.

The trio album, half originals and half standards, has a truly outstanding original in *Devil* and some charming, often challenging work on the standards. (D.C.)

Recommended

(Continued from Page 21)

of this "revelation" is the spate of LPs labeled as jazz but in reality being merely good light music with an occasional dash of jazz influence (or a couple of swinging instrumental solos to clinch the identification). Such is the case with *Soul Cello* (Decca 9202) by Fred Katz and his orchestra in "modern jazz arrangements."

There are four Katz originals in this collection, one of which (*The Vidiot*) comes closest to carrying a jazz message. The other eight tracks (with the exception of a lightly swinging *Circus*) are all nonjazz adaptations of such varied material as Percy Grainger's *Country Gardens*, the ancient folk melody *Wayfaring Stranger*, or Prokofiev's *Intermezzo*. All are punctiliously performed by a band of experts, including reed men Paul Horn, Buddy Collette, Harry Klee, and Bill Green; Rhythm men John Pisano, guitar; Hal Gaylor, bass; Calvin Jackson, piano, and probably Chico Hamilton, drums (unidentified in the notes) provide the pulse on the rhythmic pieces.

Labeled "mood jazz," this collection is moody indeed. Jazz it's not. But jazz listeners can find occasional moments of interest in the alto work of Horn and Katz' cello. A pleasantly interesting set. (J.A.T.)

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tangents

By Don Gold

■ The trouble with Cinderella is that she doesn't exist.

Each day hundreds of characters in search of a fable emerge from autos, planes, and trains into the blinding fury of competition. They come from the smallest of towns; they come from cities. They come with sheet music, a voice, an instrument, a dream. Some come with talent.

They walk the streets of the city—Hollywood, Chicago, or New York—hoping to breathe life into the grandest of stereotypes—the role of the self-satisfied, secure performer.

This faceless mass engulfs the few in the hope of reaching the many. Certain key figures must make a career of saying "no," "not yet," or "perhaps." The enormous motivation of the competitive society drives them on from executive to executive, from bandleader, to television producer, to a&r man.

The rewards are negligible for the majority of the success-seekers. The rewards for those who find a magic "name" are sacrificed in the face of frustration, self-denial, and the realization that fame is a selfless force.

The deplorable state of popular music in America today is due, in part, to the emphasis placed on success as an entertainer. By placing talentless wonders on pedestals, the industry and the audience that supports its efforts encourage the flood of talentless performers without any sense of artistic discrimination.

The incomparable force of the competitive urge, the motivational power of potential glamour and infinite wealth — without regard for genuine self-satisfaction or esthetic accomplishment — destroys individuals with agonizing regularity. In addition to this form of destruction, it affects the state of music in America.

Why are stages and television screens overcrowded with incompetents? The many sides of an answer to this question must include some concern for the falsehoods passing for public relations in our society. The press agency that makes a "star" of one who cannot contribute, artistically, to the evolution of entertainment in America, is a degrading force. The fact that it is a force, however, indicates that it can serve the society, as opposed to directing the

mass audience to an appreciation of inferior talents.

There is an obvious inequity existing when Jackie Paris in New York, Frank D'Rone in Chicago, or Ernestine Anderson in San Francisco must shuffle their feet discontentedly while Bill Haley, Dean Martin, or Teresa Brewer find rewards far out of proportion to their talents.

These are not cries of self-interest on my part, nor do they represent an effort to find a simple solution for a complex problem. Basically, we must strive constantly to elevate the level of taste in America if America is to become a nation of intellectual, as well as assembly line, accomplishment.

We need scientists, teachers, and artists in America today, not simply more of any one group. We must attempt to build a sound nation if we are to meet the challenges ahead, if we are to live in a nation whose society grows with it.

Dismissing entertainment as mere escapism is foolish. All facets of a society must serve a purpose based in reality. Entertainment, obviously, must entertain, in the strict sense of that term. But it must do more than pacify animalistic urges. It must inform. It must educate. It must broaden the scope of the average audience. It must do these things in addition to providing the basic sense of enjoyment. We must not feel that we have to debase art in order to absorb it.

Music in America today—on the popular level—is directed at the lowest possible denominator. It should create its own denominator, rather than seek to profit from an existing one, merely because the existing one is conveniently at hand.

The powers in the entertainment industry must face the realization that creativity cannot be produced by a tool-and-die maker. They must accept the responsibilities they have avoided in recent years, the responsibilities governed by a discriminating selection of the talent presented to the public.

The horde of youngsters marching toward a dream should be given a significant image of that dream. If the Cinderella myth falls by the wayside, a more mature society may result.

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DOM CERULLI, Down Beat Magazine

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By Dom Cerulli

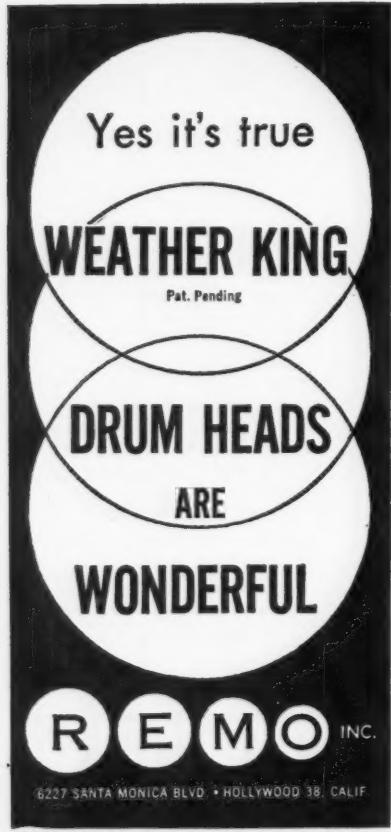
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An advertisement for Remo drum heads. It features a large circle containing the text 'Yes it's true' at the top, followed by 'WEATHER KING' with a 'Pat. Pending' note, 'DRUM HEADS ARE WONDERFUL' in the center, and the 'REMO' logo with 'INC.' below it. At the bottom, it says '6227 SANTA MONICA BLVD. • HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIF.'

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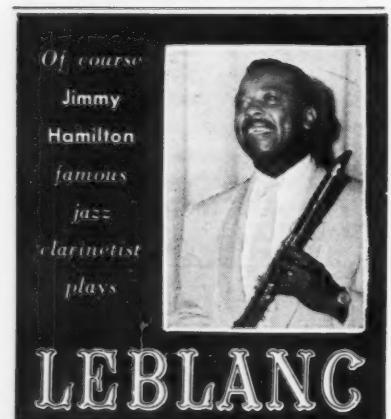
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Of course
Jimmy
Hamilton
famous
jazz
clarinetist
plays

An advertisement for Leblanc clarinets. It features a portrait of a jazz clarinetist and the text 'Of course Jimmy Hamilton famous jazz clarinetist plays' followed by the 'LEBLANC' logo.

■ It's the Sunday before the Newport Jazz festival and the climax of a rather eventful week. In addition to the prefestival flurry of activity, and putting together this issue, the week has been marked by some developments that I'd like to pass on to you in what I hope will be a semblance of order.

First in this rambling collection is a clipping sent to me by John McLellan of WHDH in Boston, noting that the jazz night at that city's arts festival drew 13,000 persons. Featured were Boston's lone jazz orchestra, Herb Pomeroy's, plus Gerry Mulligan.

The jazz presentation again drew one of the largest turnouts of any of the festival events, which annually include ballet, opera, and concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra or portions of it (this year, Handel's *Water Music* was played from a swan boat gliding serenely over the Public Garden lagoon, I'm told).

Another thing along the line is the Newport international youth jazz band, whose rehearsals I attended several times. In addition to shaping up as a band, the individual work of lead trumpeter Palle Bolvig, and jazz trumpeters Roger Guerin and Dusko Gojkovic was tremendously exciting.

At a press preview of the band, for instance, Bolvig cracked his section like a well-trained bull whip. And Guerin, who had been soloing with drive and fire, suddenly blew a series of delicate choruses on *Swinging the Blues* that delighted everyone present. He subordinated his big sound and delivered, instead, a subtle, witty, and thoroughly creative gem of a solo, much as Buck Clayton or Clark Terry might take when feeling tops. Gojkovic showed an unusually strong inventive sense and a command of his horn.

At every rehearsal caught, and particularly at the press preview, onlookers rocked with the band and later talked about bands and the excitement of a large ensemble.

Next are some items gathered along the way, items concerning the push some agencies will be giving several new bands this fall. This, the

growing number of LPs by bands, and the increased programming of bands on the air has led to considerable trade speculation that bands are coming back. My only question is: Coming back to what? Unless more ballrooms and theaters open up to bands, they will be coming back to the same bleak conditions that forced them to leave.

Item: a conversation with drummer Jimmy Campbell, between sets at the Composer where he was working with Bernard Peiffer's trio.

The nub of the conversation centered around Campbell's growing itch to drive a big, wailing band. He'll have two weeks at Birdland with Johnny Richards at the end of July, and he has several hours a week with Nat Pierce's rocketing rehearsal band. But, Jimmy, says, that's not really enough. He derives a satisfaction from a big band that isn't possible in small-group work.

Item: receipt of an LP by a group of teenagers called the J&K Jazz workshop, headed by Joe DiStefano and Ken McGarity, and featuring a septet and a coed big band.

The group staged its own concerts to underwrite the recording and did all its musical work without any professional or instructor assistance. Although the results are highly commendable, I felt the band would have profited from some professional guidance. Despite that, the accomplishments stand alone as a monument to perseverance and dedication in jazz.

These items indicate to me that the big band, as a jazz vehicle, is certainly not dead. They also point to the need of musicians to have the experience and discipline that only a big band can give.

So, I'm happy to report that on June 25 I attended one of the meetings aiming at incorporation of the New York Jazz orchestra—and at the establishment of similar orchestras all over the country—with a constantly growing central library of music on which to draw.

It seems to me that these items are related and that the end product may open a new era of vitality in jazz.



the blindfold test



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The Records

1. John Lewis. *Warmeland* (Dear Old Stockholm) (Atlantic).

I'll give it 10 stars . . . On top of that, John loves Sweden, you know. I like John . . . his interpretation of a song is too much. Last night, Lennie Hayton played something for me from this same album, and like Lena Horne says, "All I do is sing the song like the man wrote it." That's how John plays the piano. I don't go for guitar at all, and John complemented him there . . . All the stars are for John.

2. Tiny Grimes-Coleman Hawkins. *A Smooth One* (Prestige). Musa Kaleem, flute.

A Smooth One. We used to play that in St. Louis. I don't know who that flute player was, but if he was up to the Apollo theater when Puerto Rico was living, he would have blown the horn on that whole record. The guitar player was terrible . . . I really can't say anything about it. Give it half a star just because Coleman Hawkins is on it.

3. Buddy Collette. *Cycle* (Contemporary). Collette, arranger, tenor; Gerald Wilson, trumpet; Red Callender, bass.

You know what that sounds like to me? It sounds like Gigi Gryce arrangements with Oscar Pettiford, but I don't know—all those white tenor players sound alike to me . . . Unless it's Zoot Sims or Stan Getz. It must have been Ray Copeland on trumpet . . . I don't know for sure, but I don't like that type of stiff trumpet playing.

That's a very old kind of modern arrangement—like an old modern picture with skeletons.

I'd rate it two stars.

More Miles

By Leonard Feather

■ The last time Miles Davis took the Blindfold Test, in the issue dated Sept. 21, 1955, the feature bore the headline *Miles and Miles of Trumpet Players*. Each of the nine records played for Davis featured at least two trumpet soloists.

This time, by way of contrast, I avoided this emphasis; in fact, a couple of the records played had no trumpet at all, and others used the horn only as a secondary instrument.

However, just for laughs, I retained one record out of the previous test, the Elliott-Dedrick *Gargantuan Chant*. In 1955, Davis thought it sounded like Howard McGhee and Ray Nance, said the arrangement was nice but not the interpretation, considered the piano great and liked the guitar, and rated the record two stars.

Davis won't know until he reads this that he was played the same record twice, three years apart. Now, as then, he was given no information about the records played.

stars. Who were those two trumpet players?

7. John Lewis-Sacha Distel. *Dear Old Stockholm* (Atlantic). Lewis, piano; Distel, guitar; Barney Wilen, tenor; Percy Heath, bass; Clarke, drums.

I like the tune. I'll give it four stars, especially for the rhythm section. I think it was John Lewis and Kenny Clarke, but I'm not sure. Whoever they were they were very sympathetic and very swinging.

I know the two other fellows—I like them very much. I think I can speak better about the guitar than the saxophonist—Sacha Distel is the guitarist, and I believe if he continues to develop, he will be very good . . . I don't think he has too individual a voice yet. I'll give this four stars for the swinging rhythm section.

8. Bobby Hackett. *Albatross* (Capitol). Dick Cary, E-flat horn; Ernie Cáceres, baritone.

I'll give it five stars . . . I like that. The trombone player knocked me out. Who was that playing baritone? . . . That trombone player gassed me. The trumpet? It sounded better than Ruby Braff. I don't understand Ruby at all. In that style I like Red Allen, Louis, and Bobby Hackett plays nice, but I can't tell anybody else.

9. Shorty Rogers. *I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore* (Victor). Bill Holman, tenor.

I know it's a west coast record. Right? Shorty playing trumpet and I've never heard James Clay, but I guess it must be him. I don't know anything about that.

I'll give it two stars.

film flam

By John Tynan

■ Hugo Friedhofer, who won the Academy Award for his music for *The Best Years Of Our Lives* and nabbed eight Oscar nominations for his work on various other pictures, is one of the more unrestrained commentators on the situation of music in motion pictures.

Recently addressing the Ben-Ari Actors and Directors Workshop on the general subject of movie music, stocky, ruddy-faced Friedhofer had some sharp-edged remarks to deliver on this topic.

Seated like a college professor at a long table facing his casually dressed audience of student directors, whose garb varied from white shirts and neckties to work clothes and cowboy boots, the composer unburdened himself on various aspects.

"When a composer is working on an underscore for a picture today," he said, "he can usually count on somebody from the front office coming to him and saying, 'I want you to guarantee me a hit song out of this music.' Well, as Jerome Kern used to tell 'em, 'If I could guarantee you a hit song I would not be a composer—I'd be a publisher.' Still, that's what today's movie composer is confronted with."

Commenting on the influence of the composer on the actual production of a picture in the major studios, Friedhofer cracked, "Y'know, I've found it a very strange, singular phenomenon in this business that a composer can talk good sense for years and years and never be listened to. But as soon as he wins a nomination or an award he can go to the production staff and talk the most arrant nonsense and heads will nod thoughtfully and he'll be told, 'You've got a point there.' That's the way it is in this business."

Is multi-faceted advice usual from the producer to the composer?

"This is a sickness," retorted Friedhofer, "that only two men in this business suffer from—C. B. De Mille and David O. Selznick. No, it is not usual — otherwise I wouldn't be in this field."



On jazz in movie underscores: "A great deal has been made of the use of jazz in motion pictures. For me, the most subtle use of the jazz idiom has been done by Alex North in *Streetcar Named Desire*. Believe me, this particular soundtrack is something that some of the more 'progressive' boys should go back to — and listen carefully." He commented on the fact that heretofore jazz has been used merely as ". . . music to steal a hubcap by."

On the matter of whether movie composers are influenced by future releases of their music on records, Friedhofer slyly remarked, "I've thought of that too." In his music for *The Young Lions*, he admitted, ". . . I may have thought of this subconsciously and was able to dovetail the separate themes in the picture to achieve a better continuity . . ." for LP release.

Friedhofer's comments frequently crackle with sharply sardonic asides. When one of the student directors queried him on his opinion of the music in Walt Disney's nature pictures, Friedhofer remarked, "In his nature films Mr. Disney has deprived our four-footed friends of their natural dignity. In the music we hear the bears scratching themselves and the frogs doing the quartet from *Rigoletto*, and so on. But the man-in-the-street says, 'Isn't that sweet.' Well, if I were a lion I would bite Mr. Disney."

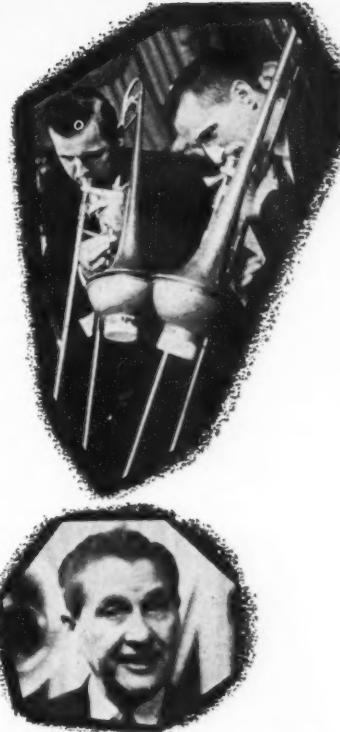
"Like everybody else," Friedhofer concluded, "I have to write primarily what I think is right. If I had to write to please everybody, I'd wind up pleasing nobody."

* * *

SCREEN SCENE: All of a sudden, it would appear, modern jazz has become, in the eyes of the big movie makers, good potential boxoffice. Arthur Freed, M-G-M producer, reportedly is readying a picture on modern jazz in San Francisco. From all reports Mr. Freed appears to be seeking a "cult" to tie his jazz to. Will all good-and-true "cultists" please step out of the ranks? They're calling for extras.

Just so you, dear reader, are hipped to all aspects of musicinema, the forthcoming Goldwyn production of *Porgy And Bess* will feature a most important actor — Mr. Faust. He's the goat who pulls Porgy's cart.

Shelly Manne tells us that the title of *Cry Out In Vengeance* (*Down Beat*, June 12), the movie for which his Men played the soundtrack, has been changed to *Switchblade Gang*. How's that for a switch?



Kings in Action photo by Paul Schaeffer

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Newport

well, and their blend, particularly on *Vermont*, was superb.

Before intermission, entertainment was supplied by Chuck Berry, who played guitar and sang *School Days*, *No Money Down*, *Sweet Sixteen*, and *Johnny Be Good*. At one point in his show, he skipped across the stage until he ran out of guitar cord and was jerked to a stop.

Ferguson opened the second part of the program with a screaming set of well played, driving, stomping

music that suffered only from lack of balance. When he announced that the band would do a ballad as a change of pace, the tempo slowed down a bit, but the decibel content remained as high. Maynard blew very well, with full control of his horn, even on the very top of his register.

The band played Bob Freedman's *And We Listened*, *Humbug*, *Stella By Starlight*, *You Don't Know What Love Is*, and a delightful composition called *Fugue*.

Dakota Staton, backed by pianist Joe Saye, and with the Ferguson

band blowing closing chords, sang a typical night club set, including *A Foggy Day*, *Misty*, *Blues, Ain't No Use*, and *The Party's Over*.

Rain began to fall during a Dixieland set by pianist Don Ewell, Tom Bryant, Jo Jones, Clayton, Teagarden, Pee Wee Russell, and Lester Young. Pres was horribly out of place in the group, and blew to suit his discomfort. He played with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm, and with none of the technique or inspiration that made him president.

As the rain pelted down, more than half of the huge audience streamed out of the park. The set fell apart, with a ballad medley dropped after Pres played a lusterless *I Cover The Waterfront*. The group struggled through *Muskrat Ramble* and a blues, and Young laid out through most of it. It was a dreadful waste of a jazzman to have included him in this context.

Tony Scott, who was backstage and dressed to appear, failed to show, much to his dismay.

Mahalia Jackson came on a half-hour after midnight, and sang a 12-song program with tremendous warmth and feeling. Her rendition of *The Lord's Prayer* was extremely stirring, and her every offering was greeted with huge audience response. The hardy ones who weathered the downpour were rewarded with such gospel songs as *It Don't Cost Very Much*, *Keep Your Hand On The Plow*, *Didn't It Rain* (very appropriate), *When The Saints Go Marching In*, *On My Way To Canaan Land*, *City Called Heaven*, *I'm Going To Lead The Life I Sing About in My Song*, *Walk Over God's Heaven*, and *Jesus Met The Woman At The Well*, among others. She had to beg off at 1:20 a.m., although the audience would have sat through the pelting rain most of the morning if she had continued.

-dom

Sunday Afternoon

Tony Scott's temper robbed the spotlight from his music at the modern jazz afternoon concert. After a somewhat heated exchange with the camera crew shooting the Newport film, Tony brought the issue of noise during a performance to a head by stopping his group playing *Moonlight in Vermont*, and demanding that filming cease.

Scott's group played three tunes: *Blues for an African Friend*, *Moonlight in Vermont*, and *Blues for Charlie Parker*. Although he brought

THE BOOK OF JAZZ



by LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Authority, Columnist for Down Beat
Author of Encyclopedia of Jazz Series

Foreword by
JOHN "DIZZY" GILLESPIE

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three tunes: end, Moon- Blues for he brought

his baritone on stage, he had no time to use it. He contributed some driving clarinet on both blues, but the luster of his performance was dimmed by the conflict with the cameramen.

The afternoon opened with the Les Jazz Modes, who generated some heat with their three-tune set, including *Blue Modes*, an untitled original, and *Linda Delia*.

Anita O'Day, a fashion plate in a slim black and white dress, white gloves, and a black and white cartwheel hat, did an eight-tune set, with backing by drummer John Poole, pianist Jimmy Jones, and bass man Whitey Mitchell. She sang *Boogie Blues*, 'S Wonderful, *Have You Met Sir Jones?*, a smartly presented novelty version of *Varsity Drag*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, Miles Davis' *Four*, and a ripping *Tea for Two*. Although highly stylized and brimming with O'Day humor, her set swung hard.

Lee Konitz, with Henry Grimes and Ed Levinson backing, played three tunes very well: *Some of These Days*, *Lover Man*, and *Will You Still Be Mine*. He maintained a high standard of creativity throughout his performance.

Billy Taylor, with Earl May and

Ed Thigpen, presented a great set, well-paced and crackling with excitement. It was the first time Taylor had played at Newport. In the past Bill was called on as a panelist, but never as a pianist. High spot of the set was the bristling *Titolo*, with Ed Thigpen superbly hand-drumming; and a blues on which Billy fairly sparkled. Billy whipped through *There Will Never Be Another You*, the set's opener, and passed the keyboard action from hand to hand with amazing ease.

Sonny Rollins, with Roy Haynes and Henry Grimes, played a two-tune set. On both *Moritat* and *I Want to Be Happy* Sonny played well, but without the usual continuity and occasional ferocity of which he is capable.

Thelonious Monk, backed by Haynes and Grimes, played a fine, provocative, and quite witty set. He opened with a swinging *Just You, Just Me* and also played *Blue Monk*, *'Round Midnight*, and *Well You Needn't*. He left to audience cries for "more".

Sal Salvador and Sonny Stitt shared the stage, with backing by pianist Gildo Mahones, bass man Martin Rivera, and drummer Louis Hayes. They opened with a fast

blues, featured by Sonny's charging tenor, Stitt then played *Autumn in New York* on alto, and Salvador did *These Foolish Things*. They closed with a romping *Cherokee*.

Horace Silver's quintet, sparked by trumpeter Lou Smith, played *Tippin'*, *The Outlaw*, *Senor Blues*, and *Cool Eyes*, to close the most satisfying single set of the festival.

Sunday Evening

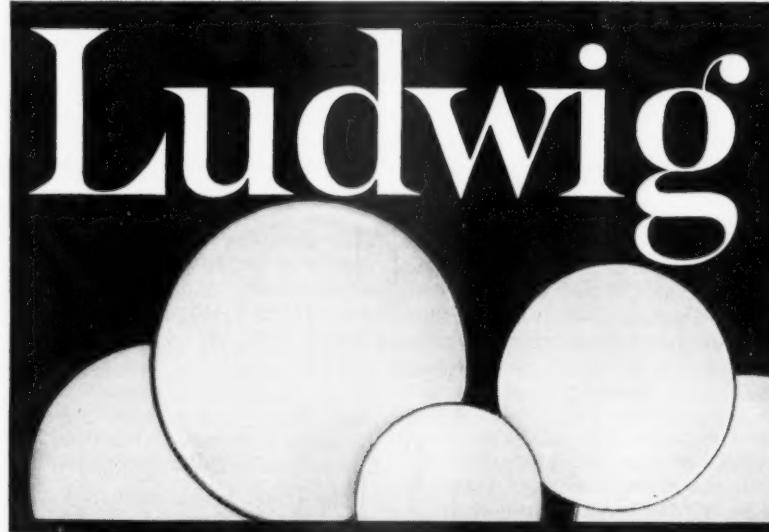
The fifth annual festival closed with quite possibly the single longest concert in the history of jazz. It began at 8 p.m. (for radio) and ended six hours later. For the broadcast, Max Roach unveiled his new quintet in a screaming version of *Love for Sale*; Anita O'Day sang *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Varsity Drag*; George Shearing played; and the International jazz band did a half-hour set. This time, the band was stronger in solos, although there was an occasional ragged edge in the ensembles. But once again it swung. *Perdido* had good solos by Ronnie Ross, Christian Kellens, and Hans Salomon. John LaPorta's *Summit Conference* had some driving Bernt Rosengren tenor, some occasionally shaky trumpet Dusko Gojkovic, a brittle solo by Albert Mangelsdorff, and some clarinet by Andy Marsala which was buried by the drive of the band.

Both *Imagination* and *Don't Wait for Henry* were marked improvements over Friday afternoon for solo work.

Bobby Hackett and Jack Teagarden locked horns in front of Jack's group and contributed a pleasing set, including *Fidgety Feet*, *Aunt Hagar's Blues*, *Handful of Keys* (featuring pianist Don Ewell), *What's New*, and *High Society*. Jerry Fuller's clarinet was impressive throughout.

Chris Connor, accompanied by Ed Shaughnessy, George Duvivier on bass, Chuck Wayne on guitar, and Stan Free on piano, sang a set that was not without its shaky moments. She had some pitch trouble on *It Only Happens When I Dance With You*, and some tempo difficulties on *Poor Little Rich Girl*. But *Here Comes Love*, *Blow Gabriel, Blow*, and *I Miss You So* were better all-around. Wayne was wasted, with no solo work and no guitar book to follow for the Connor arrangements.

George Shearing's set was witty and musical, from George's imitation of Erroll Garner to the never-ending riff of *Rondo*.



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Max Roach, with George Coleman, tenor; Booker Little, trumpet; Ray Draper, tuba; and Art Davis, bass, played a long set, which was recorded. The tempos on the up-tunes were so violently up that the soloists had little opportunity to do more than keep time. Draper's solo efforts on the frantic tunes were almost hopeless for his horn. On *Night in Tunisia* and *Deeds Not Words*, Draper contributed because he could work in the tempo. Trumpeter Little showed promise, and flashes of bright improvising, coupled with wide range on his horn and occasional technical unsteadiness.

Dinah Washington did a good set, with backing by a group including trumpeter Blue Mitchell, sax man Sahib Shihab, trombonist Melba Liston, pianist Wynton Kelly, bassist Paul West, and Max Roach. She sang *Lover Come Back to Me*, *Crazy in Love*, and three Bessie Smith blues, including *Backwater Blues*, which was beautifully done.

West, Kelly and Roach stayed on stage to back Urbie Green, Terry Gibbs, and Don Elliott. They opened with a medium blues and an interesting mellophone, trombone, vibes sound. On a fast tune, based on *I Got Rhythm*, Don and Terry shared the vibes in a delightful performance.

Dinah joined the group for a rousing *All of Me*, during which she picked up sticks and joined Terry on vibes.

Chico Hamilton's group, being filmed by Raven Productions, played a long set, including *Crissy*, *Pottsville U.S.A.*, and *Blue Sands*, the last featuring some fine Hamilton drumming.

The International band returned to romp through *Swinging the Blues*, sparked by fine trumpet work by Dusko Gojkovic, good tenor by Bernt Rosengren, and brilliant solo work by trumpeter Roger Guerin. Before the band's final tune *com-pere* Willis Conover announced that the instruments lent the band members by the C. G. Conn Co. had been given to them to keep. Then Louis Armstrong joined the band, for a rousing performance of *Sunny Side of the Street*.

Armstrong played brilliantly, as he did for the remainder of the night, and the band rocked hard. It climaxed, for the festival, the international experiment, which proved successful musically and inspiring philosophically. Louis' horn literally sang and the smile on di-

rector Marshall Brown's face spoke for the band.

Louis stayed onstage and played a set with some brilliant highs and some depressing lows. During the nearly two hours of Armstrong, Louis' horn was glorious. He had full command of the instrument and sent ringing bursts of melody cleanly to every part of the huge park.

On the other hand, his attempts at humor were crude, offensive, and certainly not in character with the man who criticized the administration for its stand on Little Rock.

The band included Trummy Young, Peanuts Hucko, Mort Herbert, Danny Barcelona, and Billy Kyle. The program was an altered and expanded version of the usual Armstrong fare, with such as *Pretty Little Missie*, *Lazy River*, *Ole Miss*, *Tenderly*, *You'll Never Walk Alone*, and *St. Louis Blues* (with Velma Middleton, her voice, her dances, and her acrobatics). Jack Teagarden and Bobby Hackett joined Louis for *Rockin' Chair*, *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*, and *Pennies from Heaven*.

The last part of the set, with Teagarden and Hackett, was quite good. Louis was superb. If he had demonstrated some taste in his announcements and gags, it would have been a set to treasure. The concert ended at 2 a.m., six hours after it began and four hours after a heavy fog had chilled the audience.

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Critics Symposium

The Critics Symposium at Newport, attended by a somewhat strange mixture of critics, writers, educators, and record company employees, opened the two-day claque of the commentators on jazz.

In general, the panels, which were designed to foster a flow of communication between the panelists and the audience, quite rarely accomplished that, and mostly fell into a pattern of expressions of personal philosophy by members of the audience.

And although papers were to have been presented by the panelists, from which symposium organizer Marshall Stearns hoped to obtain some concrete documentary material for possible publication, the actual presentations were too often ad libbed in areas of most vital information: The Editors' Point of View and The Musicians' Point of View.

Of real significance, and lasting

value, were the actual papers delivered by Bill Russo and Martin Williams.

J.C.W.S. Formed

The primary development in the drive toward sanity in jazz criticism took place during the festival, with the formation of the Jazz Critics and Writers Symposium, a group of approximately 50 leading jazz spokesmen.

Named as executive secretary of the new organization was Marshall Stearns, director of the Institute of Jazz Studies in New York City. Named to the planning committee to determine the organization's specific activities in months to come were the Rev. Norman O'Connor, chaplain of the Boston University Newman club; Bill Russo, composer-critic-writer; Rudi Blesh, author of *Shining Trumpets*; John Wilson, jazz critic for the *New York Times*, and Nat Hentoff, author and critic.

Among the first projects planned was the awarding of a trophy annually to a new talent in the performing arts of jazz. The talent honored will be selected by the Jazz Critics and Writers Symposium. The winner of the talent honor will be presented in performance at the Newport festival, through the cooperation of the symposium and the Newport festival board.

Wednesday Panel

Four of the five panelists scheduled for The Editors' Point Of View were on hand when the meeting convened in the Terrace room of the Hotel Viking at 3 p.m.

On hand were Harold Hayes of *Esquire*; Leo Lerman of *Mademoiselle*; Maurice Zolotow, a freelance writer; and Sheldon Meyer of the Oxford Press. Festival President Louis Lorillard was moderator.

The panel began without Evelyn Harvey of *Glamour*, who had missed a plane in New York, but who arrived before the session ended.

Zolotow, speaking from his experience as a free-lance contributor to many class circulation magazines, declared that the best approach to selling jazz articles to such publications "is to have a sort of naive approach." He explained that for popular consumption, jazz is most generally pegged on personalities, not on critical evaluations.

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Hayes said that misuse of the pro-
file has unduly romanticized the jazz
musician, and robbed him of dimension. He deplored the stereotype of
the jazzman, and said his magazine
wanted a picture of interesting people.

Lerman summed up his presentation
with the observation that *Mademoiselle* has printed articles on
jazz, mostly of an educational nature,
and would keep considering them if they were well written and of
potential interest to *Mademoiselle's* readers.

Meyer listed the 12 best-selling
books on jazz, and noted that the
two virtually personal confession
types—Really *The Blues* by Mezz
Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe, and
Lady Sings The Blues by Billie Holiday
and William Dufty—far outsold
those on the rest of the list. He sug-
gested that more writing be done in
the field of the documentary, the
biography, pre-history, and the
blues, among others. He stated that
no further writing was needed in
the fields of history, encyclopedia,
and handbook at this time.

Miss Harvey arrived at this point,
and spoke very briefly about *Glam-
our* and jazz articles. She said *Glam-
our* can publish any specialized sub-
ject if it can relate to daily life, and
implied that jazz was such a subject.

The floor was thrown open to
questions, most of which were ideas
and beliefs on writing and publishing
vaguely related to the subject
under discussion.

That evening, the critics and
others attended a screening of six
TV kinescopes, and voted for the
best one, which will be given an
award. Results were not announced,
but the informal consensus was that
The Sound Of Jazz, CBS-TV, was
hands-down winner.

Entries included: *Jazz With Father
O'Connor*, WGBH, Boston; *Look Up
And Live* with Mahalia Jackson,
CBS-TV; *The Subject Is Jazz* with
Billy Taylor, NBC-TV; *Stars of
Jazz* with Bobby Troup and June
Christy, ABC-TV; *Camera Three* on
Charlie Parker, CBS-TV.

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Thursday Panels

Musicians and critics had the op-
portunity to shout, separately, during
two panels on Thursday.

The Musicians' Point of View was
presented in discussion, with Bill
Russo, Julian Adderley, and Tony
Scott facing the issues involved and
Rev. Norman O'Connor moderating.

In facing the critics, Scott and
Adderley chose a direct attack, while
Russo presented a plan for correcting
the current anarchical status of
jazz criticism. Scott insisted that
critics "should show up" at per-
formances by jazz musicians, empha-
sizing that critics should be a defi-
nite part of jazz at all times if they
are to understand and interpret it.
He said that "jazz is the most serious
music".

Adderley, smiling, began by not-
ing, "I'll start this off with a chuckle,
because that's what I do when I read
jazz criticism." He denied the exist-
ence of jazz criticism, stating that
criticism requires standards and ob-
jective viewpoints, elements he finds
lacking in jazz writing today. He
expressed the hope that a logical
system of jazz criticism can evolve
from a study of the means and ends
of jazz.

Russo, fully prepared, presented
a paper on suggested approaches to
jazz criticism. Delineating various
approaches, Russo endorsed what he
termed the "relational absolute".
This position, he noted, implies the
existence of a scale of judgment, the
existence of critics, the development
of ideas on the nature of art, the
belief that art must illuminate life,
and the belief that art expresses
basic truth and can exist as such in
a variety of forms.

According to Russo, the critic
must be trained as a musician, but
need not be a performing musician.
He must, however, have a well-
trained ear for improvisation and a
broad view of life, for placing art in
perspective.

Russo expressed the opinion that
critics must be writers and must be
acquainted with all the arts. The
critic, he noted, must operate pri-
marily to aid and direct the artist
and aid the audience to understand
the art itself.

The basic problems inherent in
present jazz criticism which critics
must face if they are to serve jazz,
Russo stated, are: the improvisational
complexity of the music and the
related interpretation, the lack
of standards in jazz, the pressure of
deadlines and low salary for con-
temporary critics, a lack of technical
training, the lure of journalese and
evasion of issues, the failure to cre-
ate opinion (as opposed to a simple
reflection of it), a lack of awareness
of the processes of artistic creation,
and a disposition toward language
tricks, elegance, and jokes.

Although Russo presented the only
paper among the three musicians
participating in the musicians' panel,

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the three critics chosen to present their side in the second panel came reasonably prepared, each bearing a document of opinion. The three—John Mehegan, Rudi Blesh, and Martin Williams—gave moderator S. I. Hayakawa little cause for action as each read prepared material on The Critics' Point of View.

Blesh presented an historical analogy between jazz and painting, discussing along the way form and content, meaning and content, and the place of the artist and form in terms of historical development. He stated that he felt jazz demanded a thorough knowledge and set of standards divorced from European tradition.

The critic, Williams insisted, must read extensively, in search of knowledge. The critic, he added, must ask the following questions about any given work of art:

What is the work trying to do?
How well does the artist do it?
Is it worth doing?

Williams said that jazz criticism must do a better job on content and meaning to meet the demands of jazz' current sophistication. He emphasized that the critics' first duty is accuracy.

Mehegan approached the problems of jazz criticism cynically. Nothing fresh has occurred in jazz since the significant Miles Davis experimental recordings (known on Capitol Records as *The Birth of the Cool*) 10 years ago. He noted that jazz must clarify its relationship with show business. In so doing, he implied, it must cast aside the approval mechanism as a rationalization for non-creative effort.

Unfortunately, as Mehegan approached what appeared to be the most important portion of his paper, he was informed that time was limited and that audience participation must be introduced.

Characteristically, despite Mehegan's frustration at being unable to conclude his statement, there was time remaining for several members of the audience to amplify their personal beliefs, beliefs which were not necessarily related to the subject.

In an odd, if not wholly appropriate, conclusion, the views of Mahalia Jackson, seated in the audience, were solicited by symposium director Marshall Stearns. Poised and sincere, she said simply, "You don't have to worry about these technicalities. If you love music, you're gonna love jazz. You can't put that down on a sheet of paper."

—gold

Special Programs

The Origin and Nature of the Blues: S. I. Hayakawa, speaker, with illustrations by Eli's Chosen Six, and Jimmy Rushing.

The Friday events started bright and early, too early, in fact, for many of the first day participants. But as Hayakawa started his illustrated lecture at 10:30 a.m., some 240 persons were in attendance. There was nearly double that number on hand when the lecture-turned-concert ended.

Hayakawa illustrated blues form and structure with assistance from the group pianist, and brought Rushing on to sing several blues. Jimmy was in excellent voice, and generated such excitement that he was obliged to sing again and again. He sang *Goin' To Chicago* as illustrative of the house rent party, and at the end of the lecture, he presented an informal concert to a huge ovation.

Verse by Alexander Pope and Oliver Goldsmith was read to the blues by Hayakawa, who summed up his presentation with the observation that "all jazz owes part of its being to the will to live in the blues."

The semanticist admitted a rather limited degree of jazz appreciation, however, when he characterized some musicians as "bearded undertakers who play hushed, technically perfect tone poems with chamber music solemnity," and charged them with robbing jazz of its vitality.

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The Jazz Dance: Marshall Stearns, speaker; with illustrations by dancers Leon James and Al Minns.

The final Newport special event presentation attracted a capacity crowd of more than 300 persons to Masonic hall, where Marshall Stearns supervised a program on the jazz dance.

Aided by a series of records, dancers Leon James and Al Minns, pioneers in the field, demonstrated the language of the jazz dance. Among the dances they performed were the Cakewalk, Shake Dance, Camel Walk, Eagle Rock, Shimmy, Black Bottom, Charleston, Snake Hips, Jig Walk, Lindy Hop, Shim Sham, Trucking, Suzie-Q, Shorty George, Pecking, Boogie-Woogie, Big Apple, Shag, Sand, Apple Jack, Mambo, and Cha-Cha. For the finale, James and Minns offered an hilarious improvisation of two contrasting dance episodes.

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land Jazz festival will be held Aug. 22-23 and possibly 24 . . . Lionel Hampton gave New York a taste of what he gave Berlin. On July 5, Hamp played the same concert at Lewisohn stadium that he played in Berlin, causing a record number of border crossings in one day, 5,000. Louis Armstrong and Anita O'Day also made the concert . . . Atlantic will cut Wilbur DeParis' concert at Stratford, Ontario, on Aug. 9. Roulette is planning to cut Maynard Ferguson's concert Aug. 2 for a similar Jazz at Stratford volume. M-G-M's just-recorded LP of Langston Hughes reading poetry to Henry (Red) Allen's jazz will be released in conjunction with the opening of the 1958 event at Stratford . . . Audio Fidelity Records has a new wrinkle: recording radio-TV commercials in stereo for simulcast, for New York's Channel 13 . . . Violinist Yehudi Menuhin will join the faculty of the Manhattan School of Music September, 1959. The school is the alma mater of many jazzmen . . . Mary Ann McCall's return to the recording scene, *Detour to the Moon*, is on Jubilee's summer release schedule.

Owen Engel's World Jazz festival, held annually on the Central park mall in June, was postponed until Sept. 14 because of the lack of funds. Contributions toward the production are accepted at the World Jazz Festival, Box 1996, New York City 17 . . . RCA Victor slipped some subdued jazz into its singles and EP releases with *Jazz All the Way*, an EP by the Aaron Bell trio . . . Clara Ward and her singers cut an concert LP at Town hall for Dot Records . . . Buddy Rich and his quintet share the bandstand at the Club Mardi Gras, Wildwood-By-The-Sea, N. J., with Decca recording star Jackie Brooks.

Those old Musicroft sides by Sarah Vaughan and Dizzy Gillespie and other independent-label sides by Erroll Garner, Jack Teagarden, Kay Starr, and others soon will be available again on LP on the Rondo label . . . Columbia's Bob Prince supervised the stereo cutting of Benny Goodman's concerts at the Brussels World's Fair in Belgium and then went to the Spoleto, Italy, Music festival, where his composition, *Opus Jazz*, was warmly received . . . RCA Victor a&r man Ed Heller is seeking new jazz talent for his poolside concerts at the Meadowbrook Country club, near Jericho on

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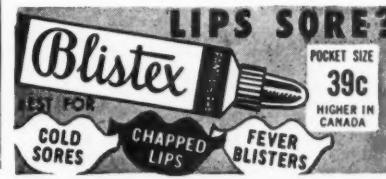
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Long Island. Concerts were set for Sundays, starting late in June.

Chicago

JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE: The grandeur of contemporary New Orleans, and some of the glory of jazz tradition in that city, is being presented nightly at the Blue Note these evenings, as the Dukes of Dixieland cavort for traditionalist fans. The Dukes will parade out of the club on July 30 to make way for the arrival of another vital stream—the Count Basie band, with its variations on blues themes. The Basie platoon will be in charge through Aug. 24 . . . George Shearing's quintet, plus Armando Peraza on conga and bongo drums, is at the London House, presenting Afro-Cuban and modern jazz sounds. Shearing's men will be in residence until Aug. 6. The incomparable Ella Fitzgerald is at Mister Kelly's, debuting her astute presentations for Rush St. crowds. Songstress Peggy King arrives at Kelly's on Aug. 11.

Bob Scobey and His Frisco Jazz band, with vocalist-banjo player Clancy Hayes and vocalist Toni Lee Scott, are winding up their Preview lounge booking. The tasteful trombone and vocals of Jack Teagarden will fill the room beginning July 30. Teagarden will be in charge until Aug. 20, when Dizzy Gillespie's tilted trumpet will draw throngs to the club. The Franz Jackson group, one of the best traditional jazz bands in the area, continues at the Preview on Monday and Tuesday, doubling at the Red Arrow in suburban Stickney on weekends . . . Georg Brunis and his well-oiled trombone are the attractions at the 1111 club on Bryn Mawr . . . The Dixieland crew at Jazz, Ltd., continues to play with consistent taste for the established clientele.

Frank D'Rone continues at Dante's Inferno . . . Ed Higgins' trio is the Monday-Tuesday group at the London House and is augmented by tenor man Sandy Mosse for the Wednesday-through-Saturday shift at the Cloister inn . . . Johnnie Pate's trio is at the Mardi Gras on Rush St. on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights . . . The Dukes of Dixieland are set for a Butterfield firehouse concert on Aug. 3 . . . Dave Remington's Dixie group continues at the Wagon Wheel in Rockton . . . The Modernes, with John Jeffrey, vibes; Dave Lamond, guitar; Warren Pasek, bass, and Chuck Davis, drums, are at the Vanity Fair on W. Madison St. at Cicero Av. . . . Tom Hilliard's octet, which performed under limited circumstances at the recent

Old Town art fair, drew a sizable fair audience during its two-night stand. Perhaps next year's fair can include more jazz, based on the favorable response to the Hilliard group's performances.

ADDED NOTES: Billy Eckstine is at the Black Orchid. Comedian Jack Carter follows Eckstine on Aug. 7 for two weeks. The Treniers are set for the Orchid for three weeks, beginning Sept. 5. Jonathan Winters is due to return on Sept. 26 for two weeks . . . The Ted Lewis revue is concluding its stay at the Empire room of the Palmer House. Yonely, Tina Robin, and Hal Loman are set to follow on July 31.

Hollywood

JAZZNOTES: Herb Geller replaced Charlie Mariano with Shelly Manne and His Men now working weekends at the Cameo Room of the Lafayette hotel in Long Beach. Charlie returned home to Boston . . . Andre Previn's summer nitery tour was delayed. He now heads east in September . . . Howard Lucraft, Hollywood correspondent for England's *Melody Maker*, is now west coast rep for *Metronome* . . . Don Sleet, 19-year-old San Diego trumpet player joins the Stan Kenton band this summer. Don was leader of the San Diego state college quintet that won the Lighthouse Inter-Collegiate jazz festival in 1957.

Patricia Willard Ortiz, winner of this magazine's contest for a free trip to the Newport jazz festival, is doing a piece on the event for Ralph J. Gleason's syndicated newspaper column, *The Rhythm Section*. Pat, incidentally, is slightly miffed when setting the story on her visit to Newport (*Down Beat*, July 24) and inadvertently sliced nine years off her age. But

(Continued on Page 42)

Composition

The composition *Speak Easy* on the following pages is another in a series of compositions, this one by Andy Anderson, designed to be played by rhythm section and any combination of B_b and E_b instruments, including the trombone.

The rhythm section must include drums and bass; either piano or guitar or both may be used in addition. Best results will be obtained from these pieces if dynamics and markings are carefully observed and if a serious attempt is made to blend the wind instruments.

M.M.—140.

Speak Easy, By Andy Anderson E Flat Inst.

Speak Easy, By Andy Anderson

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Speak Easy, By Andy Anderson

Trombone

Speak Easy, By Andy Anderson

Speak Easy, By Andy Anderson

Piano Guitar

Piano
Guitar

A handwritten musical score for a six-string guitar, consisting of six staves of tablature. The score includes various notes (open and filled circles), rests, and dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano), 'f' (fortissimo), and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The notes are labeled with letter names (A, B, C, D, E, F, G) and accidentals (flat, sharp, natural). The time signature is 4/4 throughout the score.

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Speak Easy, By Andy Anderson

Speak Easy, By Andy Anderson

A handwritten musical score for a six-string guitar, consisting of six staves of tablature. The score includes various notes (open and filled circles), rests, and dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano), 'f' (fortissimo), and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The notes are labeled with letter names (A, B, C, D, E, F, G) and accidentals (flat, sharp, natural). The time signature is 4/4 throughout the score.

20

Speak Easy, By Andy Anderson

Speak Easy, By Andy Anderson

Bass *Speak Easy, By Andy Anderson*

Drums *Speak Easy, By Andy Anderson*

C_{ml} *D₁* *G₁* *C_{ml}* *B_{ml}* *A₁* *G₁*

C_{ml} *D₁* *G₁* *C_{ml}* *B_{ml}* *A₁* *G₁* *G₁*

F₁ *B₁* *F_{ml}* *B₁* *(re)*

G₁ *C_{ml}* *F_{ml}* *A₁* *G₁* *G_{ml}* *C₁* *(re)*

F₁ *F_{ml}* *B₁* *(re)* *E₁* *E₁* *A₁*

D_{ml} *D₁* *C_{ml}* *D₁* *G₁* *D₁* *G₁* *D₁* *G₁*

C_{ml} *B_{ml}* *A₁* *G₁* *C_{ml}* *F₁* *D₁* *G₁* *F₁* *D₁* *G₁* *F₁* *D₁* *G₁* *F₁* *D₁* *G₁*

Solos — use sticks on ride cymbal

D_{ml} *D₁* *C_{ml}* *D₁* *G₁* *D₁* *G₁* *D₁* *G₁*

C_{ml} *B_{ml}* *A₁* *G₁* *C_{ml}* *F₁* *D₁* *G₁* *F₁* *D₁* *G₁* *F₁* *D₁* *G₁*

Play 4 Beat on Solos

D₁ *D₁* *G₁* *C_{ml}* *D₁* *G₁* *C_{ml}* *D₁* *G₁* *C_{ml}* *D₁* *G₁* *C_{ml}* *D₁* *G₁*

Strictly Ad Lib

if he'd erred in the other direction, he'd have been slaughtered!

Les Brown arranger, Jay Hill, is now writing for the Chuck Marlowe band. His first contribution to the band's book: *Tynan's Groove*. (P.S. It sure is!) . . . Shorty Rogers may record Roy Harte's Drum Citizens for RCA-Victor . . . Sunday afternoons are jumping again in the L.A. area. In addition to the Hillcrest bashes, which feature Dexter Gordon, sessions are again in operation at the Bamboo Room of Santa Monica's Windermere Hotel. Buddy De Franco kicked off the series.

Trombonist Lawrence Brown's only personal appearance during his fortnight vacation in southern California was at a meeting of the Duke Ellington Jazz Society also attended by singer Ketty Lester, Harry Mills (of the Bros.) and Floyd Ray . . . Bassist Bob Whitlock and jazz singer Ruth Price will tie the knot in September.

BEACH NOTES: Sun and surf seekers throughout the summer may find jazz aplenty in at least three oceanside spots south of L.A. *The Buccaneer*, in Huntington Beach, features a group led by Ellis Marcellus,

pianist on the weekly U.S.M.C. *Dress Blues* teleshow. Farther south, in Laguna, there are swinging combos at *The Boardwalk* and at *Cafe Frankenstein*.

Here's a partial list of the celebs who showed for Count Basie's momentous Crescendo opening last month: Nat and Maria Cole, Sugar Ray Robinson, June Christy, Pete Rugolo, Jimmie (Stars Of Jazz) Baker, Benny and Mrs. Carter, Bobby Troup and Julie London, Billy Daniels, Stan Kenton, Carlos Gastel, Capitol's Merrilyn Hammond, World Pacific prez, Dick Bock. What a wailing evening!

NITERY NOTES: Jazz Cabaret, reduced to operating Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays (with Sunday buffet dinner in the early eve), scheduled the Curtis Counce quintet with Harold Land. Thursday's *Jazz International* meetings, helmed by Howard Lucraft, continue to draw well . . . Gerry Mulligan may open at the Sunset Strip's Largo sometime in August. If it happens it may stir new jazz interest in that part of town . . . Rosy McHargue, packing 'em in at Zucca's Cottage, is skedded to move to Hollywood's reopened Peacock Lane . . . Now in its seventh month with a modern jazz policy, El Monte's Caprice continues to feature

the Freddie Gruber trio (Gruber, drums; Bob Dorough, piano and vocals, and Ben Tucker, bass) . . . Paul Bley's quintet continues at the Hillcrest — till next January, yet . . . Mort Sahl moved downstairs to the Crescendo following his *Interlude* stand. Looks like he'll be there for quite a while . . . Jazz harmonicaist Les Thompson moved down to Palm Springs' Chi Chi with the Joe Karnes quartet till the end of the month. Les doubles drums; Karnes is on piano; Lloyd Lunham, bass, and pretty Perri Dee, vocals.

Bassist Wilfrid Middlebrooks was scheduled at deadline to take a group of his own into Terri Lester's Jazz Cellar; the Buddy Collette quintet (with Middlebrooks in the rhythm section) also was a possibility . . . Martin Denny and his exotic sounds returned to Hawaii for a three month stay at Don the Beachcomber's in Honolulu.

ADDED NOTES: Ann Hathaway is the first gal chirper to sign with the new Colpix label (subsidiary of Columbia Pictures, natch) . . . Ann Richards completed her first solo album for Capitol. Pianist-vibes man Bob Harrington wrote a new club act for her . . . Nat Cole plays a date at the Hollywood Bowl Aug. 29.

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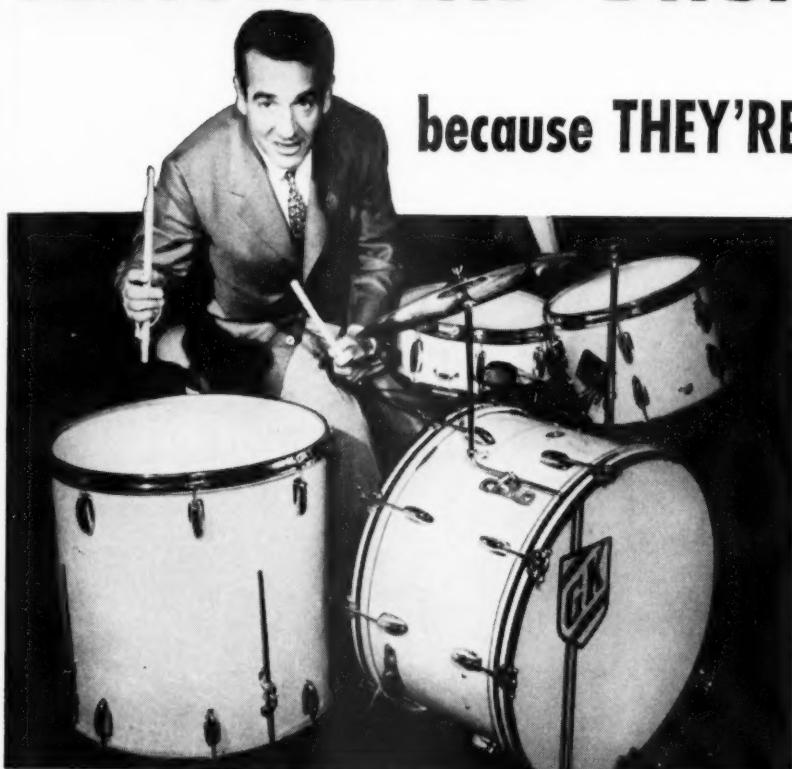
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